THE

LADY'S MAGAZINE,

OR

ENTERTAINING COMPANION

FOR

THE FAIR SEX;

APPROPRIATED

SOLELY TO THEIR USE AND AMUSEMENT.

FOR JUNE, 1808.

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This Number is embellished with the following Copper-plates,

1. The WANDERING FRIAR.
2. LONDON Fashionable DRESSES.
3. A new and elegant PATTERN for a DRESS, SHIRT, &c.

LONDON:

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Where Favours from Correspondents continue to be received.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE Continuation of *Sketches from Nature* in our next.

T. D.'s Observations are intended for insertion.

We have already replied to *Ambulator*.

THE

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FOR JUNE, 1808.

THE WANDERING FRIAR,

OR

THE EFFECTS OF UNRESTRAINED PASSION;

A TALE.

[*With an elegant Engraving.*]

WHENEVER our passions become excited, even though, as it may appear, from the most laudable motives, it is necessary for us to be on our guard, and hold them with a tightened reign: religion itself, when acting too forcibly on our imagination, and degenerating into enthusiasm, has frequently produced effects directly opposite to its pure and celestial nature.

In the city of Salamanca, in Spain, resided Donna Isabella Daguilar, a lady of a pleasing person and many accomplishments. She possessed an independent fortune, and having arrived at a sufficiently mature age, was uncontrolled mistress of her actions. Her character was unimpeached. Though affable and condescending to all who approached her, she was circumspect in her conduct, and even slander itself found no opportunity to assail her with its venom. Her acts of charity were numerous, and drew on her the sincere blessings of the poor; her attention to all religious duties was unremitting, and her devotion truly exemplary.

It chanced that a Benedictine friar, named Don Pedro Lagolo, came to Salamanca, and preached there with great applause to crowded audiences. His reputation continually increased, and his sermons, and his powerful manner of delivering them, became the general talk of the city. The religious curiosity of Isabella soon induced her to go to hear him.

She heard and she admired. There was in his language and manner a pathos, an ardor, which convinced the hearer of his sincerity, and sunk into the heart. His person was manly, dignified, and attractive, and Isabella listened and gazed, and gazed and listened, till her devout admiration gradually degenerated into a less pure passion. She made him her confessor, and at length confessed to him that she feared her admiration of him as a guide in her devotions was not so unmixed with mere earthly affection as she might have wished. This hint she contrived so often to repeat that he perfectly understood it. But he was sincere, and truly religious; his devotion was not the veil of hypocrisy masking his licentious habits, but what he taught, as he firmly believed, so he rigidly practised. Perceiving, therefore, that an improper flame had been kindled by him in the heart of his admiring devotee, he thought it his duty to endeavour to quiet her disturbed mind by withdrawing the object of temptation, and he suddenly removed to Segovia. But what was his surprise when the first time he preached there he saw Isabella among his congregation, and when soon after she applied to him as usual to confess. He abruptly proceeded to Valladolid, and here too he found her among his first audience. This obstinate pursuit began now to make an impression on him, and he felt an earthly passion rising also in his own breast; so that flight became necessary for his own as well as for her good. He, however, admitted her to confession, and gave her a severe rebuke, and the most salutary advice; declaring at the same time, that he was determined continually to avoid her, and never more, on any occasion, to admit her into his presence. He immediately set off for Burgos, whither she followed him; but to little purpose, as he directly left that city, and proceeded through Aranda to Madrid, still followed by Isabella. From Madrid he passed through Talavera, Truxillo, and Merida, to Badajoz. From Badajoz he proceeded over the Sierra Morena to Seville, and made the tour of Andalusia and the southern provinces of Spain, Granada, Murcia, and Valencia; still at every place finding that Isabella, who had contrived to procure intelligence of all his motions, had arrived soon after him. In the course of this peregrination, which fully convinced him of the furious passion conceived for him by Isabella, his heart underwent little less than hers. His rapid removals were noticed by the public, and at length acquired him the name of the *Wandering Friar*. Wearied at length of this flight, when he arrived at Valencia he resolved to take refuge from this strange pursuit by shutting himself up within the walls of a monastery; and he accordingly retired into the monastery of St. James in that city, where he was inaccessible to every one.

The passion of Isabella, which had continually increased because it had not been checked and stifled in its birth, had now attained to that furious height that she became like one frantic; and a frantic plan did she form to gain admission to father Pedro. She assumed the habit of a friar, and determined, by inquiring for him under that disguise, to gain admission to him within the monastery. But when she came to the

gate her courage failed, her spirits sunk, and she wandered about irresolute till night came on, when she retired to a kind of out-building belonging to the monastery, where she laid herself down on the ground in the utmost perturbation, anxiety, and distress of mind. In this situation sleep at length produced a temporary suspension of her unruly passion, the pains of her heart, and the consciousness of her extravagant indiscretion.

When the morning began to dawn it happened that a devout pilgrim, who had been to the shrine of St. James of Compostella, and arriving at the convent came into the place where Isabella laid. He saw some one asleep, and was greatly astonished. At first he thought that it was one of the friars who had laid him down on the bare stones to pass the night by way of mortification ; but on nearer examination he strongly suspected that it was a woman, and that he recognized the features of Donna Isabella of Salamanca, whom he had perfectly well known. He was well acquainted with father Pedro; and had heard but the day before from a friar of this same convent the whole history of his flight and her pursuit. He therefore conceived at once that it must be her practising some other wild expedient to gain access to him.

While the pilgrim stood in an attitude of wonder, revolving these thoughts in his mind, she opened her eyes, and he immediately thus abruptly addressed her :

'Lady, you are discovered! What is this frenzy ? Have you no power over your passions — have you no modesty — no sense of female honour ? Have you no fear of the law ? Did you never hear of the severities of an inquisition ? For shame ! resume your reason, and retrieve your character while yet it is time, or be for ever lost in this world and the next !'

The manner in which the pilgrim spoke had such an effect on Isabella that she seemed instantly to recover from the dreadful mental disease under which she had laboured. She would not, however, return to Salamanca, but repaired to the Northern part of Spain, where her passion having rendered her heart unfit for the intercourse of the world, after writing an affecting and repentant letter to father Pedro, she retired to a convent, took the veil, and ended her days in solitude and sorrow.

OBSERVATIONS
ON TELLING A STORY.

THERE are many persons more sensible of the importance of the less than of the greater duties of life, and therefore those writings in which the former have been explained, and as I may say taught, have not been unsuccessful, but certainly are of real utility. Where the power of being agreeable is wanting, its place is, in many cases, supplied by an artificial behaviour, which in little things cannot be censured, and in greater cannot be admitted. All men are desirous to please in company. What are called conversation talents are held more valuable than solid learning : the deep and incessant studies of two centuries back are seldom heard of. Men of letters, instead of secluding themselves from society, are,

perhaps, of all men most desirous to share in its pleasures. Much of that time which was formerly devoted to ascetic studies is now employed in a display of communicative talents; the rust of literature, the contracted brow of business, the deep thought of the philosopher, and the plodding expectations of the merchant, give way to the cultivation of agreeable manners. While this change extends no farther than to render life more cheering, while it encroaches not upon honesty as a principle, nor upon sincerity as a rule of speech, it will be considered as one of the happiest improvements which civilization brings with it, nor can we censure any man for studying the art of pleasing, while it does not interfere with the more important duties of life, or relax any fixed principle. It is to be hoped that a nation may be sincere without being rude, and serious without gloom.

Among the various pleasantries which give hilarity to company, a story neatly and aptly related is to be ranked as one of the principal. To give a story its due effect, to produce mirth without tiring, is a very happy talent. No little judgment is required to select such a story as may illustrate the subject of conversation, if useful, or end it in a laugh if improper. He that wishes to succeed in a story ought to attend to three things—First, that what he relates be truth. Secondly, that it comes naturally, and is not forced into the conversation, or interrupts the more important discussion of a useful subject. Thirdly, that he be so perfect in the circumstances as to give it full effect. And when he is master of these cautions let him reflect that some people have so little relish for anecdote, that music to the deaf, or painting to the blind, is not more unprofitable.

Another rule may be added which all writers on this subject have recommended—that the story be short. To render a long story interesting is almost impossible: an ingenious artist has therefore very properly, in a print called the *long story*, represented the greater part of the company asleep, while one of them is telling a long story of his adventures abroad. Self-love is a principle so general that we discover it even in the relation of a story, where the man imagines that the petty adventures which he has encountered, must be as pleasing to others to hear as to himself to relate.

Old people are generally prolix in their narratives; their stories respect the days of their youth; their adventures, their gallantries, their exploits, make a strong impression on a memory not capable of remembering more recent events. It is not uncommon to hear aged men relate a play-house adventure which happened fifty years before, while they are incapable of recollecting the incidents of the preceding week. Old men, however, are not singular for prolixity, although we can in some degree excuse them. There is a pleasure in beholding the withered cheek expand with the recollected vigour of youth, and the half-sunk eye brighten with the remembrance of good deeds or brave achievement. But nothing is more intolerable than, in young men, that fondness for talking which engages the whole conversation: it is the usual concomitant of a weak head. The consent of mankind seems to say,

that a company is a little republic, where superiority is accidental and fluctuating; conversation is a common stock, and every one has a right to a share.

It is to be lamented that the manners of the age are not calculated to increase our stock of wit; the subjects, unless among men of letters, are by no means connected with wisdom, and not at all allied to wit. Invention and imagination labour uselessly upon objects that afford no interest, and excite no elegant thought. The adventures of a race-ground, the feats of a tavern drinking-bout, or the pedigree of dogs, are subjects which take more from us than they leave us. Time may be wasted in learning that one man has galloped twenty miles in two hours; that another has drank four bottles at one sitting; or that one boxer has beat another; but here there is nothing required which is worth while to remember, and nothing recommended which it were not better to prohibit. It is easy, however, to be voluble on such subjects; the birth, parentage, and performances of a horse, supply a copious fund; and with men of fashion the least accident of their lives affords matter for a prolix narrative.

Piger is one of those prolix narrators of unimportant stories. Whoever keeps his company must learn, with the disciples of the ancient philosopher, to be silent and listen; and it is a principle in certain companies, that to be silent is a duty where to speak would be an insult. Piger has to tell you of a fall from his horse—Another man would say, that on Monday last he fell from his horse near Richmond, and was considerably bruised, but recovered soon; and this, with the cause of the accident, is, perhaps, all that is necessary to be known.—But Piger will make a volume of it by the assistance of tautology and digression. As thus:

'Egad! now you mention a fall from a horse, did ever I tell you of the terrible fall I once had in riding from Durham to Newcastle?'

'Oh, yes, sir, you have told us often'—

'Aye—but perhaps some of the company don't know it—You are to know — it was a most remarkable affair — you are to know that one night I was supping — supping! no, I believe I dined with him — for I well remember we had a haunch of venison, a present, I believe, from the mayor — the mayor! let me recollect, was it not the recorder? — no — the mayor — the mayor sent the buck — the recorder sent a brace of pheasants and a hare — supped on them another night — now, sir, after dinner — as we were drinking the king's health in a bumper of claret, of which you know my friend Tom always has great plenty, I scarce know any man more curious in his liquors — some excellent hock, too, but I did not taste it — it always disagrees with me — so, after the ladies had retired, we were drinking some jolly toasts; for Tom never forgets church and king, and so forth — by the bye, I believe his father's brother was suspected of being a Jacobine, and taken up as such, and kept in prison for some time in the year 1793 — but mum for that; if a man gives a good dinner what signifies his ancestors or his principles? — so after we had drank a little — to say the truth, I myself have been called a Jacobine, though for what reason I never could discover for

the soul of me — says I, 'Tom, I ride to-morrow from Durham to Newcastle in a certain time — he swore I could not do it — I took his bet — a cool hundred — and a dinner for the company, who were pretty numerous — among others I remember was Dick Daume, a lieutenant of a man of war, and George — he! — no — I believe he was not of the party at that time — he came in afterwards, and drank a few glasses of wine; he was always a queer dog — we were at school together at York.

'In the morning, sir, I got up about — hey! let me see — I believe it might be about eight o'clock, or rather a quarter or twenty minutes past — I well remember my watch stood at well — but the weather, I am told, affects watch-springs, or wheels, or something — it was a prodigious fine morning — a little hazy or so — But I should have told you that the night before Tom engaged me to sup with him on my return — if not better engaged — but yet I do not know where I could have been better engaged — a pleasant fellow too — and egad! we had such a supper — among ourselves — finished five bottles a-piece — claret is a very light wine — when taken in moderation — but port — port is very heady — Did you ever drink any of my friend Sam Oldstile's port? — never tasted better upon my honour — Well, as I was saying — before we parted — shook hands — 'Good bye, Piger,' says he; 'remember the wager' — a the time — goes in general very generous dog, but never forgot to demand a wager — So, sir, as soon as I was dressed — and I had an hour to wait for my hair-dresser — a lazy scoundrel — must turn him off I believe — though upon the whole he is tolerable.

'When I had mounted my mare — you have seen my mare, have you not? — a tight-going thing — sure footed — I had her from sir Charles Turf of our neighbourhood — you remember the day we met sir Charles on the heath, when his bay horse ran against Dumps, belonging to what's his name — Oh, it was the day we dined with Mr. ——, of Cambridge — a couple of fine girls his daughters — Betsy for my money — Well, so — little did I think what was to happen — Sir, says the hostler to me —'

And here, I suppose, my reader will be satisfied, without accompanying Piger to Newcastle, where indeed he did not arrive until the company were about to depart.

Story-telling is, after all, a dangerous talent. It is a weapon few can wield without hurting some friend, even when they point it most successfully; and when handled clumsily, it never fails to recoil upon themselves. To have the laugh on our side is not always a proof that we have either truth or argument in our favour. Professed wits, however, are above considerations which damp their genius.

A. B.

HARRIET VERNON ;

OR,

CHARACTERS FROM REAL LIFE.

A NOVEL.

In a Series of Letters.

BY A LADY.

[Continued from p. 201.]

LETTER LXIII.

Mrs. Wentworth to Lady Amaranth.

AT length, my dear lady Amaranth, I have opportunity and permission to write to you. Wonder not at the word permission — I am married, you know; and my lord and master, as I hinted to you before I left India, disapproves of our correspondence; so did my father—but I despised his authority; and think you I shall regard my husband's as more sacred! — No! I will not be so inconsistent. But you will wonder how I gained the permission. And can you wonder who know me? I was born to rule — to subdue — to captivate; let this suffice. I cannot enter into particulars.

I arrived in England in excellent health and spirits, and from the little I have seen of the country think it a delightful one. We fixed on a very pleasant residence near the metropolis, but I would not consent to reside there till I had obtained a promise from Wentworth that I should visit the scenes of gaiety in that place as often as I chose. An unlucky circumstance has attended our fixing where we are; for who should we meet with but the two miss Vernons, one of them, and that one too I have the most reason to dread seeing, lives exactly opposite us with a relation. You may be sure I was not a little disconcerted when I learned this; but what was to be done — nothing but trust to my good fortune, and impudence. Wentworth posted to see her immediately. I pouted, and pretended to be jealous. He returned, and told me that he had invited her to visit us. I told him that he might entertain her himself; I should keep my chamber. This was not my intention: my business was to watch them lest they should have a private interview, and come to an explanation. I was soon satisfied that nothing had yet transpired; and in a few days the gentleman and lady of the house, accompanied by miss H. Vernon, (who happened to be a visiter there) came, but not miss Vernon; she, poor soul! I suppose, could not summon resolution. Mr. Wentworth was much disconcerted, and vexed at her not coming. I was rejoiced; for it would not be a very agreeable thing to have my contrivances detected now. I had previously resolved on my behaviour to this party, which was, to be haughty and reserved; to cultivate acquaintance is what of all things I must avoid.

Miss H. Vernon is a very fine young woman; she has a very penetrating look. She appeared grave, but I am mistaken if she has not naturally much vivacity. Mr. and Mrs. Wilson, the people with whom she resides, are too insipid to merit any observation. After they were gone I told Wentworth I was resolved never to return the visit; I disliked the whole set — He was sorry for it, he said;

but if I wished to oblige him I should alter my intentions: Mr. and Mrs. Wilson were indeed insipid people; but I had not yet seen miss Vernon; and it was unfair to protest against her acquaintance. He asked my opinion of miss H. Vernon. I said that indeed I had not formed any; the girl was well enough to look at. He replied that her agreeable person was the least of her perfetions.—What, she is almost as perfect as her sister, I suppose! I do not desire, Mr. Wentworth, to hear of the perfections of either. He caught me in his arms, and protested, in a manner which really affected me, that their perfections had no charms for him if he was possessed of my love.

To convince me of your sincerity, then, said I, you must not visit at Mr. Wilson's.—I cannot comply, said he, but I entreat you to have more confidence in your own charms, and my honour, than to suppose I shall view miss Vernon in any other light than the purest friendship may warrant.

With this assurance I was now obliged to rest satisfied; for I could not exact a promise to forbear seeing her entirely. This accidental meeting with the persons of all the world I particularly wish to shun, made me renew more than ever my request to visit the metropolis, and partake of its diversions.

We have made a few acquaintance at Hampstead, (the name of the place we reside at) who have represented in the most flattering light the pleasures to be found in that great city.

Mr. Johnson, the gentleman whom I formerly mentioned to you as Wentworth's particular friend, has spent a week with us, but if he is a specimen of the English beaus I am sure I shall not like them. Would you believe it, this Johnson never paid me one compliment during the whole time he was with us! And I verily think did not look in my face a dozen times. Wentworth pressed him much to be of our party in town, but I was heartily glad he declined it. I know not, for my part, what such fellows are good for; they are only spies on one's actions, and a restraint on conversation, and this Johnson is certainly of that description; for with an ironical sneer he will contradict all you have been saying, and, with the most ill-bred composure, stare in your face and protest that he knows not what a beautiful woman is good for but to sit for her picture to a limner, to get him customers. This is one of his elegant speeches amongst an hundred others equally charming. Oh, how I detest the fellow!

Colonel Ambrose sent us an invitation to spend a few days with him at his country-house, about twenty miles from London; I know the colonel very well, having seen him frequently at my father's, but I am not desirous of renewing the acquaintance, for I find he is on a footing of intimacy with the Vernons; one of them constantly residing there with his sister—I refused to go; I suppose he guessed my reason. He was much disconcerted, and we had some spirited altercation; but I was obliged to compromise the matter, and promised to accompany him for one day when he should choose; he fixed two days hence, and has written to the colonel accordingly. I dread this visit of all things; I shall not close my letter; I intend keeping

it open, journal-wise, as it will be many weeks before any ships will sail from hence.

Handsome lodgings are taken in town, and we came to them yesterday. I am very busy with mantua-makers, milliners, &c. who were recommended to me by a genteel lady at Hampstead: she has also procured for me a clever, intelligent person as my maid, who undertands the etiquette of the dressing-room in the English taste, and has attended ladies of the first quality; so that with her assistance I shall soon be enabled to shine forth in all my splendor. Wentworth would have had made me appear at first in elegant second mourning: white, he said, with black ornaments he thought vastly becoming. But I thought otherwise; I wished to display my jewels. He would not, he said, dispute this point with me, and should adapt his own dress accordingly, otherwise he intended a second mourning.

We have a letter from colonel Ambrose to put off our visit to Windsor for the present; his sister is gone to some watering-place for a month, and he is obliged to be very often in town, but will call on us at our lodgings shortly. I am glad in my heart at this—it is a charming reprieve; and I hope something may turn up to put it off entirely.

Well, this charming London has put me quite in raptures. Last night was fixed for my first *entrée*. I had no escort but my husband, and him I condescended to consult on the grand article of dress. He had presented me with two hundred guineas; this was soon expended; and when I laid the assortment before him he praised my taste, and reinforced my purse.

To show my gratitude for his generosity I desired him to choose my dress for the evening; he fixed on a white, the plainest of all my dresses, and requested my head might have no other ornament than a bandeau of white roses, with a diamond-crescent on one side. To this I consented. My hair was dressed in the fashion of this country, and extremely becoming to a young face. Wentworth seemed much pleased; but he never praises my person—No matter; I shall not want for praise from others; and compliments from a husband are very insipid. He sighed as he led me to the carriage, and gave me a lecture during our short ride on the vanity of external beauty, and worth of internal accomplishments. I did not make any answer, being, in fact, wholly absorbt in the contemplation of that very beauty he was endeavouring to depreciate.

When arrived at the play-house, and our servant was called for, we entered our box, which was almost full. Every eye was fixed upon us, and glasses from every part were levelled at us. The play was the tragedy of Othello; the house much crowded, as is, it seems, always the case when a celebrated actress of the name of Siddons performs. I should have been much entertained with the representation, but my attention was frequently drawn from the stage by the crowd of gentlemen with whom we were surrounded; one in particular was so wholly occupied in gazing at me that the charming actress was lost; and he protested to me, when the curtain had dropped, that he had not seen

her. This gentleman, who seemed about Wentworth's age, is tolerably handsome, very genteel, and inexpressibly agreeable. To repeat the thousand charming things he said would be endless. Wentworth looked discomposed at his attention, but as I did not discourage it, he did not desist. When the carriage was announced at the box-door, and the rest of the gentlemen were departed, he very politely offered me his hand to lead me out. Wentworth made him a bow, said the lady was in his protection. He returned the bow and retreated. I gave him a smile and a courtesy. He followed us to the carriage. I wonder if I shall ever see him again; I talked of him all the way home; and asked Wentworth if all the young men of fashion were so polite as this gentleman. 'I know not,' he gravely replied, 'what his fashion may be; but it is the fashion to notice and flatter every pretty woman; it therefore becomes a pretty woman to be on her guard, aad arm herself with good sense and reserve, or she will become the sport of every fop she meets with in public.' This speech I knew was meant for me. 'We must be styled the jealous couple,' said I, 'I believe, for I protest this is the fist man I have smiled on since I left India, and you look grave already.'

'By no means,' he replied; 'if I am grave it is for your sake. Your ignorance of the world must justify my advice, which, in a few words, is, that you ought not to encourage the flattery and conversation of a stranger; and when under your husband's protection accept no other.'—I pouted the rest of the evening, and secretly resolved I would act as I pleased, and not be subject to the control of any husband upon earth.

What is here—a letter without a direction, delivered to my maid, by a fine handsome gentleman, she says—I will transcribe the contents.

'Lovely Angel!

'When I say I have seen and conversed one hour with the loveliest of her sex you cannot wonder at my impatience to express that admiration and reverence your charms could alone inspire; yes, madam, I am that happy or that miserable man that solicits the honour of your further notice; happy beyond expression if I am not repulsed, or miserable for the remainder of my life if I am. Suffer the man who adores you to request the honour of your presence at the Hanover concert to-morrow; where the writer of this, who is a man of rank and fortune, and the nicest honour, will, with the impatience known only to a lover, wait your arrival, and pour forth his soul in gratitude for your goodness.

'Your adoring Slave,
Lord Henry Dormont.'

I read the above in presence of my maid. 'And pray,' said I, 'do you know the gentleman who delivered this letter?'— 'Yes, madam,' said she, 'I have known him long; I lived two years with his mother, lady Dormont; I saw him this morning pass the door several times; and at last I went down, as I thought he seemed to want some one here. When he saw me, Oh! Jenny, said he, do you live here, and with the beautiful young lady of the house? I do sir, said I, and to be sure she is the most beautiful lady in the world. I have the honour of

being her waiting woman — Then, my good creature,' said he, you will deliver this letter to her; and drew it from his pocket — To be sure I would, I said, and seeing my master coming I popped it into my pocket; and winked at the gentleman to go from the door.'

I smiled at the girl's dexterity, and dismissed her to find her master, that I might inquire about this concert, for I am resolved to go — I hear him coming; I must, as Jenny says, pop the letter into my pocket.

Wentworth is gone for tickets. Ha! ha! he little thinks why I was so earnest to go. — 'Have I not,' said I; 'my dear, as he entered the room, 'heard you say there are excellent concerts here? I have a strong inclination to go to one.'

'I was thinking of the opera,' said he, 'but if you prefer a concert it is equally agreeable to me; we may go to the opera another night; let me see, which is esteemed the best?'

'Which is the nearest,' said I.

'The Hanover-square one' —

'Then we will go to that by all means; when is it?'

He took up a news-paper to look, and found it was the morrow night, so sent for the tickets — I lay down my pen till after to-morrow.

Now for the adventure of the concert: — The first person I saw close to the door, was my enamorata. He followed us up the room unseen by Wentworth, and, placed himself behind us. After we had sat some time, I turned my head, he bowed; I affecting a surprize at seeing him. 'Did you see us,' said I. 'Heavens! what a question; is there a creature in the room who has not observed the most beautiful object in it!'

Wentworth now looked back, and a glow overspread his face as he recognized this stranger. He made him a very stiff bow in return to a very profound one given him by lord Dormont: I chatted away with great vivacity, and attracted universal notice; I heard many whispers from the ladies of—Who is she? and charming creature! from the men. Dormont was in rapture; Wentworth was sulky; as to myself I was on the very pinnacle of happiness.

A lady now made her appearance, whom Dormont immediately arose to hand to a seat near us, and presented her to me as his sister, lady Mary Stanley. She was a fine-looking woman, elegantly dressed, and appeared about thirty. She accosted me with the ease and freedom of an old acquaintance, and entertained me with anecdotes of almost every one in the room. I found that she was a widow, and that she lived not far from us. She told me in a whisper she was rejoiced to find her brother knew me, for from the moment she saw me enter the room she was so struck with my appearance that she had longed to be introduced to me, and had quitted her party as soon as she perceived that her brother was conversing with me. She was not one of those envious females who shun the acquaintance of those who possess superior beauty and accomplishments. I was quite charmed with her, and told her that as I was a stranger in town I should be happy to avail myself of her ability to introduce me, and be of her acquaintance. She seemed delighted with what I said,

as did Dormont also — 'Most readily,' said she, 'but I fear my female friends will never forgive my introducing to their male acquaintance a lady so superior in beauty and elegance; they will never be able to secure a lover'.

All this while Wentworth sat silent, and, as I knew by his countenace, fretting, and discomposed. 'Your brother,' said Dormont, ('I presume that gentleman is your brother,) looks grave!' — I did not undeceive him, and replied only with a smile. Lady Stanley continued her assiduities the whole evening, and when the concert was over asked my permission to call on me next morning. I told her ladyship I should be happy to see her, and looked at Wentworth to second me, but he did not utter one word. Lord Dormont sighed as I gave my hand to Wentworth; and we quitted the room before them. Lady Stanley slipped a card into my hand, on which was her address. As we drove home not a word was spoken by either. After supper Wentworth hemmed as if afraid to speak. At length he observed that impertinence was always to be found in public places. — 'I have not noticed any yet,' said I. — 'This evening,' retorted he, 'has furnished you with two instances. — What do you call a man but impertinent that will introduce to a lady he has seen but once, (and who neither knows his name nor he hers) his sister, and what do you call that sister but an impertinent woman who will accost her with the familiarity of an old acquaintance, and force herself in her company?' — 'If you mean lady Stanley,' I said, 'I saw no impropriety at all in her behaviour; but thought myself honoured by the notice of a woman of her rank and fashion; and as for her brother I thought myself under an obligation to him for the introduction.'

'It was of no use,' he said, 'he saw to argue with me; he was himself well convinced, and he hoped, in time, I should see the propriety of investigating the character of strangers before I became intimate with them.'

'He might act as he pleased,' I replied, 'but I hoped to see lady Stanley.'

In the morning he left me, and went out, as I suppose, good soul! to inquire their character.

Oh! a knock at the door—her ladyship I dare say—

Well I am charmed with this lady's acquaintance—Wentworth, as I said, being gone out, I had her all to myself. As she entered the room, she exclaimed, 'How are you, my lovely girl, to be inquired for? My brother directed me to the house, otherwise I must have knocked at every door in the street, and when your servant opened it, I only could say is your mistress at home.' I smiled at her vivacity, and apologized for my omission. — 'Enough, enough,' said she, 'I long to know who you are, and where you have been concealed all your short life?'—I told her very briefly my history.—'Ah! my poor brother,' said she, he flattered himself you was a single woman; but, my dear Mrs. Wentworth, you must accompany me to the china auction, it is just began, and all the world is there' — I made no scruple, and we set off in her carriage.

There was an immense crowd, most of whom she knew, and seemed proud of introducing me to a select few, as she called them.

Among the gentlemen was lord Dormont, whose eyes sparkled when he saw me. He said a thousand charming things, and did not quit my side the whole time. Lady Stanley informed him of the few particulars I had made her acquainted with. He was astonished to find that I was married. 'Heavens!' said he, 'I took your husband for a morose guardian, or overbearing elder brother! Who could have dreamt of seeing you in public with a husband! Why there never was such a thing seen among people of fashion; pray leave him at home in future to take care of the house in your absence.'—I said I believed I should find that a difficult matter.—In this manner we chatted and laughed away the morning, and I was every moment more and more pleased with my acquaintance. He engaged me for the evening to attend lady Stanley's rout, and we took leave of each other. She set me down at my own house.

When I entered the drawing-room I found Wentworth in a gloomy humour, reading—'Hey dey!' said I, 'what is the matter with you? why a sight of your face is enough to damp one's spirits, and mine are uncommonly alert this morning.'

'No doubt exhilarated by the company you have been in, madam!'—

'Truly you have guessed right,' said I; but do you know where I have been?'—'Where ladyStanley chose to take you, I suppose—' 'Well, you are an excellent guesser; it is even so; and that was to an auction of china'—'Did you want china?'—'Want! Who thinks of wanting? We went to see—' 'And be seen, I presume?' —'Really, Wentworth, you have guessed right again: Come, I will find you another question; where do you think I am engaged this evening?' He then threw away his book with such an air! —'Think madam! What do you think of me?'—and stalked across the room.

'Bless me!' said I, following him, 'you quite fright one with your violence! What do I think of you! poor dear! I think—I think you are my husband, in a very cross humour! Come, come, shake off this gravity, which really does not become you—' 'Shake off your levity, which I assure you is equally unbecoming'—'So you have told me before: perhaps I may profit by your admonitions some day or other; but it cannot be yet. Now that I have informyou where I have been this morning, pray may I ask the same information of you?'—'Certainly,' replied my piece of gravity, 'I had taken a walk in the Park, and was returning through St. James' Street when I saw you in lady Stanley's chariot stop at the auction-door and go in. I followed, and taking my station in a corner, made my observations on the company, which I should gladly have known my wife did not make one of. I saw but little of you and your party, but lady Stanley's name was buzzed about the room; I inquired who she was; a very gay lady of fashion, was the answer I received. This, my dear Letitia, is an epithet I much dislike: I have nothing to say against lady Stanley, but if you have any regard for my repose you will not connect yourself with persons of her description. You will be plunged into the vortex of folly and dissipation, where you will find no solid enjoyment.

Let me entreat you then to renounce her acquaintance before you will find it difficult so to do, and....

'Impossible!' interrupted I, 'I am engaged to her rout this very evening.'

He started, and took another walk across the room;—'I see, said he, 'I see you are resolved to make me miserable.'

'Not I, truly—if you are miserable it will be your own fault.'

Suffer me to act as I please, and you have my free will for you to do the same.

'You are an apt scholar, Letitia.'

'What do you mean?' said I.

'I mean, that lady Stanley taught you that lesson this morning.'—

'Perhaps not.'—

'Then it was lord Dormont, I suppose.'—

I felt my self colour.—I must learn more command of countenance.—Let us have no more wrangling,' said I, 'the quarrels of lovers have some diversion in them, but those of man and wife are very insipid.'

'I am perfectly of your opinion,' said he, 'and am glad to see you can blush at your conduct.'

After dinner I retired to dress, and did not come down stairs till it was time to depart for the rout.—I was much surprized to see Wentworth prepared to accompany me. He view'd me from head to foot, but did not condescend to smile, or look pleased.

'Where are you going?' said I.

'To lady Stanley's rout,' said he, gravely.

'Bless me, how can you think of such a thing? why you are not invited.'

'Do you suppose I shall be an unwelcome guest?'

'Indeed I do'nt know how that may be, but it is certainly a breach of decorum to go any where without invitation.'

'Not in this case; if lady Stanley is glad to see you, she ought to be equally so to see your husband; and if otherwise, it is not a proper place for you to go to; for you may depend upon it, a wife will lose the greatest part of her consequence if she has lost her husband's protection.'

'Pray,' said I, 'don't make a long preachment; you know I hate them; if you will go you must. But suppose it should be only a party of ladies, how ridiculous you will look!'

'There is no fear of that,' replied he with a sneer, 'amongst people of *fashion*.'

We set off, as I was forced to submit, though I was horridly vexed. I supposed lord Dormont would be there, and I must now lose all the charming things he would say.

Lady Stanley looked surprised, but received him with an easy politeness which almost reconciled me to the whim of my companion. But when lord Dormont approached, and glanced his eye upon Wentworth, disappointment and vexation were so strongly pictured in his countenance, that for the first time in my life I felt pity for a lover. The room was crowded with company; we were introduced to most of them, and I was flatteringly received. Lady Stanley led me to a card-table, where lord Dormont followed us, and we played together all the evening. Wentworth declined play, and walked the room, making his remarks, I suppose, on the company; I noticed that his wife took his chief attention, which the ladies, I believe, were not much pleased

with. His elegant person drew their observation, and he was the general object of admiration. It would be tedious to relate all that passed in this, I may call it, new world to me. I was much pleased, and more than ever determined to cultivate lady Stanley's acquaintance, in spite of all my husband could urge against it. I made an appointment to attend her to the opera on the following evening, and we have several parties of pleasure in contemplation. Lord Dormont treated me with great respect, and, but that I read it in his eyes, I should not suspect him to be in love. Wentworth was as much disgusted with the evening's entertainment as I was delighted. On his observing this to me I replied, I can only say our tastes are different. — Would to Heaven we had discovered it before, was the answer; and a profound silence was maintained on both sides for the remainder of the night.

Colonel Ambrose paid us a breakfast-visit this morning. He came at Ten, a very unfashionable hour, truly! I thought the colonel had known genteel life better. I was not out of bed; it was near Two before we left lady Stanley's. My methodical husband had been up two hours, and they waited breakfast an hour for me. The colonel welcomed me to England with a salute — hoped I was well — but observed that I had parted with some of the lustre of my eyes, and the roses of my cheeks.

'Late hours, colonel,' said Wentworth, 'are great faders of roses. Mrs. Wentworth was at a rout till Two this morning; and if this be often repeated I foresee the roses will all be changed into lilies.'

'It is a great pity,' said the colonel, 'that people of fortune cannot amuse themselves more rationally in this great city than by such frivolity as is found at their public meetings; but dress and cards seem to have occupied the attention of almost all the people of fashion.'

'Do you think,' said I, 'it is more so here than in India?' — 'A pretty equal proportion of fops and fools, I believe, are to be found every where,' said he. — So, thought I, you, too, are sententious. The conversation now took a turn relative to our acquaintance in Bengal, and sundry common-place matters, which took up the time till near Two. I was dying with the head-ache from being disturbed so early, so bore but little part in the conversation, and was not sorry when he departed. He gave us a very pressing invitation to Windsor, when his sister and her fair friend returned, which he said would be in about a fortnight. I could not give a negative, so bowed my assent. Wentworth promised we would certainly wait on him; but what does he mean by introducing me to this fair friend, this miss Vernon! for it is she, I find, that is now with Mrs. Ambrose. I never will meet her, that's positive. It is sufficient, surely, to encounter the saucy eyes and pert repartees of her sister.

I find more pleasure in dissembling and tormenting than any thing else, admiration excepted. But I do not know how it is, there is a certain pang comes across me sometimes that is a great alloy to my pleasure, and the fear of discovery makes a coward of me. What can this be! too great sensibility I believe — I must endea-

vour to get less refined in my ideas. But I will not meet miss Vernon, nor will I drop lady Stanley's acquaintance.

I hope the next ship will bring me a long letter, with a good account of yourself, and how you advance as a noviciate. But no more of your reprehensions and moral sentiments, I beseech you; the Romish religion is a charming one, in that it permits the indulgence of all our inclinations at the small expense of procuring absolution. Who would not be of such a religion? Wentworth shall never prevail on me to renounce it.

I now close this letter, as I find a ship will sail in a day or two, and am,

With hearty love and esteem,
My dear lady Amaranth's
Affectionate friend,
LETITIA WENTWORTH.

[*To be continued.*]

A COUNTRY WALK.

AT the close of a very warm day in the enlivening month of May, I sat out on a ramble over the daisy-decked fields.—Phœbus with his departing rays had painted the western sky in rich and variegated tints of azure and gold, and cast a sombre hue on the diversified landscape. The universal silence that reigned around inspired the mind with a pleasing awe; the scene brought to my recollection that beautiful description of evening in Gray's Elegy:

'Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels her droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds.'

A winding path brought me to the brink of a 'purling stream,' beside whose banks, reclining on a rustic bench, I listened to the nightingale, who, perched on a willow, chanted forth her harmonious vespers. Shut out from the busy world in these retired solitudes, the mind, released from its carking cares and solicitudes, surveys with admiration the wonder-working providence of the Creator. A thoughtless mind may indeed perceive nothing remarkable or worthy of notice in the world of nature, but an attentive observer can distinguish a rich field for improvement, where he may copiously indulge himself in gathering its sweets without the hazard of exhausting its treasure. In beholding the setting sun he understands from it that ere long he must bid farewell to the light of this world, and all its glory, and enter into the night of death. The warbling of birds reminds him of the debt of praise due to his Maker; he finds in the descent of the dew on the earth to refresh the trees and herbage an emblem of the necessity of the blessing and assistance of God to prosper his undertakings, and to enable him to go on cheerfully in his way through life. But it would be impossible to describe the multitude of interesting ideas which crowd on the mind in endless succession, and increase as new objects present themselves:—

'—————— The winds,
And rolling waves, the sun's unwearied course,
The elements and seasons, all declare
For what th' Eternal Maker has ordain'd
The pow'rs of man: we feel within ourselves
His energy divine: He tells the heart,
He meant, he made us to behold and love
What he beholds and loves, the general orb
Of life and being; to be great like him,
Beneficent and active. Thus the men
Whom Nature's works can charm, with God himself
Hold converse, grow familiar day by day,
With his conceptions—act upon his plan,
And form to His the relish of their souls.

AKENSIDE.

Pursuing my walk farther, the tuneful song of the groves was suspended on my approach;

'The song broke short, the warblers flew.'

GAY.

Like the philosopher, we are led to inquire whence arises this dread of man, which is universal in all irrational creatures. It is not our form they shun, but our fallen nature: Had man continued in his primitive innocence his appearance would not have cast a sudden damp on the joys of those animals beneath him; on the contrary it would have heightened their pleasure; the birds, who now cease their songs on his approach, would have redoubled their melody, and all other animals who now retire and fly from his sight would have sought his company, coveted his caresses, and strove to obtain the friendly touch of his hand: Even the lions of the desert, and the hideous serpents, would have licked his feet.

The cool air of the night, and the twinkling stars beginning to appear, admonished me to leave these rural retreats for the present, and put an end to my walk.

PHILAGROS.

B——, May 20, 1808.

LADIES DRESSES *on his* MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY.

Her Majesty.

A RICH yellow and silver tissue body and train, with a superb blond-lace petticoat, ornamented with rich bands of diamonds, rich diamond bows at the pocket-holes, and broad silver lace at the bottom of the dress. It was said by one of the princesses, that the queen never had so beautiful a dress before. Head-dress, blond-lace and diamonds, rich silver cords and tassels, a brilliant necklace and ear-rings.

Princess of Wales—A superb court train and petticoat of pink and silver tissue, the train richly embroidered with beautiful coloured foil border, and silver bullion, forming vine-leaves, corn-flowers, and silver shells, interspersed with rich coloured stones; the petticoat fancifully embroidered with coloured foil, wreaths, and shells, and silver escalop border to correspond, the drapery of Brussels point-lace looped up with diamonds, forming wreaths and stars; the body and sleeves ornamented with point-lace, and diamonds. The head-dress of diamonds and ostrich-feathers.

Princess Mary.—A superb dress of silver tissue, richly embroidered with the same. The ground-work of the dress white crape over satin, studded with

large silver rings, and terminated with a handsome vermicelli border, with bouquets of garden-cress and Guernsey-lilies; the right side of the dress a magnificent drapery of silver tissue, with a massive border of foil, shells, fossils, and stones, studded in festoons, from which bunches of oak and acorns were interwoven, and suspended upon draperies tastefully arranged with handsome borders in escalop-shells, formed the *coup d'œil* of this truly elegant and magnificent dress; the whole finished with handsome cords and tassels. Robe, silver tissue, trimmed with Vandyke silver fringe, point-lace, and diamonds.

Princess Elizabeth—An amber-coloured sarcenet petticoat, covered completely with a rich silver net, relieved by real silver chains, interspersed with double narcissus, and ornamented with wreaths of silver, oak, and cypress; train of amber and silver tissue. Head-dress of diamonds and white feathers.

Princess Sophia—A white net petticoat, placed over pink and silver, richly ornamented with silver flowers; body and train of pink and silver tissue, rich cords and tassels. Brilliant necklace and ear-rings.

Princess Augusta—A white and silver embroidered petticoat, with a rich border round the bottom, composed of shells, sea-weed, and lilies, with rich draperies, which had a novel and singular effect; the body and train of silver and gold tissue. Head-dress, feathers and diamonds, rich silver cords and tassels; diamond necklace and ear-rings.

Princess Amelia—A white satin petticoat, richly striped with gold, India embroidery; the draperies on the right side of real gold tissue, richly embroidered in silver, and tastefully ornamented with wreaths of Indian fly, supported by sprigs of diamonds; the left side a square drapery to correspond; the bottom of the petticoat richly ornamented with real gold fringe, supported by gold cords and tassels; train of white satin, embroidered border of silver tissue and gold fringe. Head-dress, a superb gold turban, with diamonds and feathers.

Duchess of York—A white crape petticoat, most richly embroidered in Arabic stripes of gold and silver, the ground richly covered with bunches of wheat, the train of rich gold tissue, embroidered in silver; sleeves trimmed with beautiful point-lace, and looped up with diamonds. Head-dress, a handsome plume of ostrich-feathers, and a profusion of diamonds.

Princess Sophia of Gloucester—White sarcenet petticoat, richly embroidered with silver, and elegantly ornamented with wreaths of ivy and silver tassels; white sarcenet train, superbly embroidered with silver fringe, and wreaths of ivy. Head-dress, diamonds and feathers.

Duchess Dowager of Leeds—Petticoat of lilac, richly embroidered in silver; body and train to correspond. Head-dress, an elegant plume of ostrich feathers, with a profusion of diamonds.

Duchess of Rutland—A most elegant petticoat of white crape richly embroidered, neat gold draperies, in lama, tastefully looped up with bunches of gold loops, train of rich gold tissue, trimmed with gold fringe, sleeves of point-lace, looped up with diamonds;

the bosom encircled with diamonds; girdle and stomacher of diamonds, diamond-necklace and cross. Head-dress of the most beautiful diamond plume.

Duchess of Bedford—A white satin and crape dress, finished with superb wreaths and bunches of natural white roses; her grace made a most conspicuous display of jewels.

Marchioness Cornwallis — A handsome dress of violet crape over white satin, richly embroidered in wreaths of silver vines; draperies looped up with rich bullion rope, supported by silver doves, which had a beautiful effect.

Marchioness of Downshire—A silver-grey satin petticoat, embroidered with a costly silver wheat border, with elegant silver gauze draperies; the train of the same satin as the petticoat, and ornamented the same. Head-dress, a diamond bandeau, with silver-grey ostrich-feathers.

Marchioness of Salisbury—A white crape petticoat, with a rich border of silver, tastefully drawn up with bunches of silver lilies, suspended with cords of dead silver; the robe pale blue and silver tissue, ornamented with silver and point-lace. Her ladyship wore a profusion of diamonds.

Countess of Winterton—White and silver petticoat, border and wreaths of silver, with rich cord and tassels; body and train of pale lilac, trimmed with silver; the sleeves covered with point-lace, silver between the lace; tucker and lappets to correspond; head-dress, white feathers and diamonds.

Countess of Cholmondeley—A petticoat of primrose colour, with a drapery of rich lace, tastefully drawn up with diamonds and numerous plumes of ostrich-feathers; body and train of primrose sarcenet, onamented also with diamonds and lace.

Countess of Clare—White lace petticoat, thrown over yellow sarcenet, gracefully drawn up in draperies, and supported with bunches of libernam, at the bottom a wreath to correspond; body and train of the same, trimmed with Brussels-point. Head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

Countess of Selkirk—Petticoat of rich white silver tissue, with draperies of lilac net, very beautifully appliqued with a *nouvelle* silver border of shells and sea-weed; on the right a sash, fastened up with a large cluster of the same, from which was suspended a massive chain and tassels; at the bottom, a border corresponding with the drapery; train and body of lilac net, trimmed with very fine point, and finished by a border of shells. Head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

Countess of Macclesfield. — A lilac and white-shot sarcenet robe and petticoat, with fine black lace draperies, tucked up with magnificent oriental pearl feathers, and at the bottom of each feather a bow of diamonds; at the bottom of the petticoat a bow of black lace and pearls, and the robe trimmed in the same manner; the sleeves likewise tucked up with roses of diamonds, and leaves of pearls. The head-dress, superb plume of lilac and black feathers, with bandeau and train of diamonds intermixed with pearls.

Countess of Pembroke — A white satin robe and petticoat, with Turkish draperies, embroidered in silver embossed work, with beautiful wreaths of geranium

leaves, the whole tacked most elegantly with magnificent cords and tassels; the robe trimmed to correspond. The head-dress was composed of a fine plume of white feathers, with a profusion of beautiful diamonds.

Countess of Ormond and Ossory—Dress of blue satin, with draperies of crape and silver zephyr, the whole fastened up with superb tassels, a rich silver fringe, with blue and silver tassels to correspond; and a magnificent display of Brussels point-lace. Head-dress, a diamond tiara and ostrich-feathers.

Lady Hawkesbury—A most elegant petticoat of real gold embroidered, looped up with bunches of gold flowers, train white satin, embroidered with gold, point-lace sleeves. Head-dress, plume of feathers, and a profusion of diamonds.

Lady Boston—A dress of lilac crape, composed of escalop and melon draperies in stripes of silver net richly spangled, and stripes of crape alternately, tied together with silver tassels and bunches; robe lilac crape, trimmed with point-lace, and ornamented with silver to correspond with the dress.

Lady Elliot—Petticoat pea-green crape, with a light drapery fastened with wreaths laurestina; robe dark green sarcenet, trimmed with Brussels point. Head-dress, diamonds, with white ostrich plumes.

Lady Bruce—A very splendid dress, formed entirely of American green crape: the mantle draperies richly bordered in antique, with bronze and matted gold beads, enriched with bunches of green and fir bronze in apple, and supported by ropes and tassels of bronze and gold beads; turban bottom to the petticoat, ornamented with the same beads; train ornamented with the same, and trimmed round the bosom and sleeves with rich Brussels lace. Head-dress, a plume of feathers.

Lady Georgiana Cecil—Apricot crape over white satin, ornamented with bunches of double violets; body and train to correspond; ornamented with Brussels point; head-dress, white feathers and diamonds.

Lady Milman—A white crape petticoat, richly appliqued in white satin, with a body and train of beautiful figured pink satin, trimmed with an elegant Vandyked lace. Head-dress, a superb plume of ostrich feathers, and bird of Paradise.

Lady de Crespigny—Petticoat, body, and train, of very rich gold Turkey stuff, trimmed with gold frieget, interspersed with oak-leaves and acorns; draperies of white crape, festooned up with wreaths of oak, bunches of which were tastefully thrown over it: handkerchief and sleeves point-lace; gold cord and tassels round the waist. Head-dress, white crape, feathers, and a quantity of diamonds, with point-lappets; diamond necklaces, broaches, and shoe-bows.

Lady Charles Somerset—Petticoat of white crape, with a border of fine blond, and rows of large French pearls; large draperies entirely of blond, striped with white Indian-waved ribbon, and variegated poppies, elegantly mounted, to form the drapery, with large bunches of poppies; train of gold-coloured sarcenet, trimmed with fine blond, and French pearls. Head-dress, diamonds and feathers.

Lady Reade—A white crape petticoat, richly and delicately embroidered with subdued silver and white satin, the draperies of the same, drawn up with large tassels and white roses; the robe of white sarcenet, tastefully ornamented with an elegant embroidery to correspond with the dress; the head-dress composed of white satin, with diamonds, and an elegant plume of ostrich feathers.

Lady Monson—Was presented, on her marriage, in one of the most splendid dresses ever seen at court, made of white lace net, superbly embroidered in silver-lama work, ornamented with silver doves and bullion-rope. Head-dress, feathers, and a profusion of diamonds.

Lady Theodosia Cradock — Wore a very elegant dress of gold tissue, with a rich embroidery of silver and green shells; body and train to correspond. Head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

Lady C. Harbord—Body and train of primrose-crape, trimmed with point, and a shell-border of bright and massive silver; petticoat of the same, with two draperies crossing from the right to the left, very richly appliqued in a magnificent border of intermixed shells and coral, over which was gracefully thrown a falling sash, terminating with silver acorns.

Lady Welbore Smith—Body and train of white sarcenet, trimmed with fine point and beads; petticoat of the same, with draperies of net, trimmed with beads, and tastefully drawn up with bead-chains and tassels. Head-dress a plume of feathers and diamonds.

Lady Long—Train and body of puce-coloured gauze, trimmed with very fine point, and lilac-leaved wreathing; petticoat of white crape, appliqued in puce satin draperies.

Lady Elizabeth Spencer—A white crape petticoat, with a beautiful embroidered border in green silk draperies to correspond; train of white sarcenet, body and sleeves richly trimmed with Brussels lace; a plume of ostrich-feathers.

Lady Orde—A white crape petticoat, richly embroidered at the bottom, forming a most superb fringe of Algerine spangles, draperies of the same, fancifully embroidered with waves and crescents of silver spangles, the draperies suspended by rich cords and tassels; train of pink-figured sarcenet, trimmed with silver. Head-dress of feathers and diamonds.

Mrs. Thomas Grosvenor—Body and train of blue sarcenet, trimmed with point-lace and beads; petticoat of blue sarcenet, covered with a large net, and tied up with branches of narcissus from each drapery, a Chinese rope suspending tassels, &c.

Mrs. Dupre—A petticoat of primrose-crape over silk, trimmed with a garland of liburnam drapery of the most beautiful Brussels point-lace, looped up in a most elegant manner with festoons and bouquets of liburnam: a superb train of primrose-crape, most elegantly trimmed with Brussels-point, diamond in front; the sleeves looped up with beautiful diamonds. Head-dress, a profusion of diamonds, and primrose feathers; diamond necklace, ear-rings, and bracelets.

Mrs. Beckford—A petticoat of rich white satin, trimmed in the most elegant manner with rich tissue and bouquets of tuberoses, intermixed with fern; drapery of rich silver tissue, looped up in an elegant style, with festoons and

bunches of tuberoses intermixed with fern; train of rich silver tissue, with beautiful Brussels point. Head-dress, emeralds and white ostrich-feathers.

Mrs. Udney — Petticoat of rich white satin, drapery of white crape, in satin applique, elegantly formed with festoons of garden-lilies, looped up with bunches of lilies, and trimmed with leaves; train of green and lilac-figured satin, elegantly trimmed with rich Brussels point. Head-dress, white ostrich-feathers.

Mrs. Rigby — An elegant petticoat of buff imperial net over satin drapery, looped up with festoons of beads, with superb bead-tassels; train of imperial net, elegantly trimmed with rich Brussels point-lace. Head-dress, diamonds and ostrich-feathers.

Hon. Miss Louisa Wrottesley — A very rich and unique dress, the mantle draperies formed of silver Brussels lace, superb antique border, confined with bunches of silver larrissa in apple, and supported with rich ropes and tassels in silver; the petticoat of aqua-marine-coloured silk, ornamented round the bottom with silver roleaus; train of rich aqua-marine and silver tissue, trimmed with Brussels silver lace. Head-dress, plume of aqua-marine ostrich-feathers.

The Hon. Miss Temple — Petticoat of elegant white patent net over pink silk, with trimming of roses; drapery elegantly looped up with festoons and bouquets of roses; train of rich figured pink satin, elegantly trimmed with Brussels point. Head-dress, white ostrich-feathers.

Miss Emily Smith — Body and train of white zephyr-satin, handsomely trimmed with Brussels lace and rose-leaved wreathing; petticoat of white satin covered with a very beautiful lace net, forming drapery, fastened up with bunches of white roses; from each drapery a valuable rope of Chinese pearls, suspending rich tassels of the same, corresponding with the drapery; a beautiful wreath of green leaves at the bottom.

Hon. Miss Somerset — A petticoat of white crape, richly inlaid with fine blonde, and striped with rich silver draperies, and amethyst; the one on the right side trimmed with rich silver Tonkinets, and silver roses and lilies, forming an elegant drapery; the whole of this petticoat ornamented with silver Tonkinets, and tassels of singular beauty; train of amethyst crape, trimmed with silver to correspond with the petticoat, the body and sleeves inlaid with fine blonde and silver. Head-dress, an elegant plume of ostrich-feathers, amethyst colour.

Miss March Philips — White satin petticoat, shell-border of white crape and beads, drapery of white crape, richly embroidered with beads in shells, tied up with bunches of liburnam, train of white crape in drapery, a border of small satin shells and beads. Head-dress, pearls, diamonds, and feathers.

LONDON FASHIONABLE DRESSES.

1. A slip of lilac sarcenet, puckered round the bottom with the same: over the slip a short dress of lace-net, richly worked, and bordered. The sleeves are fastened together on the shoulders with gold broaches, with one on

Engraved for the Lady's Magazine.

London Fashionable Dresses.

the front to correspond. Tucker of rich lace. Head-dress, a diadem of silver and gold fillagree. A figured scarf to match the dress. Lilac shoes.

2. A short train-dress of white twilled sarcenet, made close to the shape, without gathers, and trimmed with a honeycomb of the sarcenet. Long sleeves of cross stripes of muslin and lace. Cap composed of lace and pink satin, ornamented with a wreath of flowers.

THE

ELVILLE FAMILY SECRETS.

A NOVEL.

[*Continued from p.* 115.]

IT was not, however, as they conjectured; he was not dead, but stupefied by blows about his head, and loss of blood. On proper means being used to restore him he somewhat revived, and the countess soon found the injury he met with was from a daring banditti who had long infested those parts, and who met him on the heath, and binding his retinue, (for he never went out unattended,) dragged him into a dreary dale, between two tremendous mountains, unfrequented by any human being but themselves, where they beat him, as they supposed, till he was dead, and then returned to his attendants, liberated them, bid them go home, and tell the joyful tale how they had freed the world of a monster: not wishing them to think it was through any private enmity they bore him, but that public justice demanded such a victim. Some fishermen driven near the spot by the tempestuous night heard him groan, and hastened to his assistance; as he might have died for his servants, who, the moment they were unbound, made the best of their way home, each anxious for his own preservation.

He had received a severe contusion in his head, and another in his arm, from which he had lost much blood; but when the physician arrived he did not apprehend any bad consequences would ensue from it. He was many days before he regained the smallest degree of strength, but as soon as he was able to utter an intelligible word he called for the dear little Martha, and embraced her with more affection than he had ever before done. He kissed the hand of the countess, who, notwithstanding his cruelty, attended him with the greatest tenderness. His mind as well as body appeared to have received a severe shock; nor is it to be wondered at: a person who had led so wicked a life could not be supposed to [illegible] peace of mind on a sick[illegible] that trying period th[illegible] brance of a well-spent [illegible] only procure tranquillity[illegible] crimes now pressed on his [illegible] brance, and almost drov[illegible] distraction. Sometimes [illegible] start from his uneasy [illegible] and with frenzy in hi[illegible] manner call on Burns[illegible] him; then he would [illegible] rave of the treachery [illegible] of Elville, who had le[illegible] such an irretrievable [illegible] another time his con[illegible] proached him with th[illegible] seduction; then in [illegible] tone he would say ' G[illegible] had I married you [illegible]

happy eternally !' then in moments of returning reason he would take the hand of the little affectionate child, and say to her, in accents, which in some degree atoned for all his crimes,—' Go, little angel! to your poor unhappy mother, endeavour to comfort her, and in some degree make amends for the world of trouble I have caused her. I know she can never forgive the injuries she has sustained — I heartily repent — I am on the verge of the grave. I now see the world and all its vanities in a far different light from what I have hitherto done. I am conscious of the many enormous crimes I have committed; and I pray most heartily for forgiveness, as I am taught to believe there is a Being, all mercy and goodness, who does not reject the prayers of the truly penitent.'

The countess used her utmost endeavours to encourage that hope, which might soften his last moments, assuring him she sincerely forgave him all the ill she ... sustained at his hands. This ... in some degree tran... his feelings; he laid ... free from pain or anxi... hours, till, like an ex... amp, which sparkles with ...ed lustre before its entire ... revived, and cast his ... he countess, exclaiming, ... ss woman! I have been ... r to thy goodness, thy ... rectitude, in the most ... uation a female can be ... suffer; yet thy virtue ... over thy love. Thou ... been to me a virtuous ... at abandoned wretch, ... crepid monster of sin, ... to that world ' from ... traveller returns !' in... my head many vicious principles, exaggerated every circumstance, however innocent, to erase every spark of affection that I entertained for you. And I, to the unspeakable hurt of my soul, believed him. But I most fervently hope a merciful Deity will mitigate his punishment as well as my own, as my wealth and power held out a high reward to a man of his mercenary disposition. I should have set him an example. That there is another and a better world I am, alas! too late, I fear! convinced. How am I prepared to enter it !' Here a heart-rending groan shook his whole frame; in vain he essayed to speak; imperfect language dwelt on his tongue — he breathed his last sigh in the presence of his countess.

His death greatly affected her; he was her husband, and the father of her dear-loved child, and as such claimed her regard. After his funeral she became more constant in her visits to the grave of Burns now she had no cause of restraint, as she might indulge her sorrow without any criminality. Her daughter and the pious old clergymen was all the society she enjoyed. One dear object she alone wished as an addition, and that was her long-estranged sister Elfrida, whom she determined to visit when her affairs were settled, and proper persons left to manage the late earl's estates; as he had left the whole to her during her life, at least the whole at his disposal, and then to descend to his daughter. The first person she consulted was her worthy old friend; she increased his yearly income very considerably, raising him from poverty to affluence, knowing no person so worthy her bounty; yet

with regret she saw the ravages time had made in his constitution and person. With difficulty he performed his duty at the parish church, as he was too rigidly just to hire any one to perform what he considered his own part allotted him by an all-wise Power. So suddenly raised from a state of great poverty to competence, he knew not how to express his gratitude. A poor aged wife, borne down with infirmities, had many a wearisome year been alone the partner of all his distresses; an only daughter, to add to his anxieties, was early taken from him by that Being who gave her existence. With the greatest resignation, Abraham like, he without a tear resigned the blooming charge to the hands of her Maker, consoling himself with this pious ejaculation, 'The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord.' He knew well his own duty, and such he regularly performed as pastor of his little flock, and all the social duties of life indefatigably. Meekness and piety taught him to endure the miseries of human life without a murmur. The frequent disappointments he had met with in the rugged path of life he was destined to tread, and which had proved rugged indeed to him, had so rooted every spark of comfort from his bosom, that he never expected any earthly enjoyments, looking only to that felicity which is alone to be had in a state of glorious immortality. Such he was when the countess first discovered his lonely retreat; thus was unassuming, deserving worth secluded from the world, and the common enjoyments of it, even deprived of means to procure the bare necessaries of life, while his more affluent and far less deserving brethren of the church were revelling in every luxury, regardless of the indigent state of their more meritorious fraternity, so that they themselves could participate in the indulgence of their own vicious inclinations.

The countess caused an elegant monument to be erected to the memory of Burns, of superior workmanship, with an inscription, expressive of his rank, under the direction of her worthy old friend. She bestowed handsome gratuities to those few who had befriended her in the days of her adversity, settled every circumstance preparatory to her intended visit to Scotland, and had fixed the day for her departure, when, accompanied by her darling daughter, she might again behold the sister of her heart, who had long laboured under a mental depression occasioned by the death of her husband. But the morning before she set off an express arrived from her father, requesting her immediately to come and see him, as he was dangerously ill.

With the utmost expedition she hastened to her parent, forgetting all his unkindness. All her filial affection was at once awakened when she saw him pale, emaciated, and extended, apparently, on the bed of death, under a gilt canopy, writhing in agony. But what could all his grandeur avail! the splendor of his couch could not prevent one pang from racking his frame, while the poor neglected beggar on a bundle of straw, with the retrospection of a well-spent life, might breathe out his last in tranquillity. At such a juncture every unjust action must rush into remembrance, and overpower the feeble efforts

of reason. The moment he saw her he audibly uttered, 'Oh, Matilda, forgive me—but for my machinations you and Burns had now been happy with each other. Tell Edward to release all his prisoners, and reform; I shall not live to see him, although he is on his way here. Tell him to be more merciful than his unhappy father—to found an abbey on the spot where my brother Ethric and his angelic wife were murdered. Convey thither my body; there let my ashes rest—and let a thousand masses be offered up for the repose of my troubled soul—Can that avail! Weak wretch! the last resource—the only hope to flee to—' His voice now faltered. Matilda assured him that all his requests should be fulfilled, and that she forgave him all the wrongs she had sustained. His breath gradually decreased—He called on those injured spirits of whom he had shortened the existence of their mortal career, to intercede in heaven for him, and then expired.

Here Matilda met her brother Sydny, who appeared very unhappy; every look, every gesture, recalled some observation of his much-valued friend to his remembrance. She was as much affected, but each so far conquered their sensations, now so unavailable, so inimical to their peace of mind, as to agree to accompany each other to Scotland; in future to be inseparable friends. Edward was much displeased at hearing their determination, but they regarded him not, as he had so long been voluntarily estranged from them by his infamous conduct, which rendered him a terror to all who knew him. His unhappy wife he treated in so cruel a manner that she never dared to control him, nor even utter a word by way of expostulation, dreading his vengeance might induce him to confine her in the dungeons of Morden. Bold, bloodthirsty, and revengeful, his passions were uncontrollable; his countenance bespoke his disposition; large fiery eyes, clouded by a dark brow, black shining hair, shading a saturnine visage, which, together with his tall muscular person, enshrouded in his heavy impenetrable suit of armour, which he always wore, with a high, strong helmet, covered with a black waving plume of feathers, rendered him a terrific object to all who saw him, particularly those who had felt the weight of his vengeance. His soldiers feared his displeasure, knowing how fatal it had proved to many. Not one of the numerous personages who bowed to his power was actuated by love of his person to render him any service, but obeyed him more by compulsion than choice. He immediately discharged his father's vassals with every mark of contempt, disposed of his estates in that part of the country to pay the demands of his brothers and sisters. He gave them a distant invitation to visit Morden when they visited the North, which they readily accepted, not out of respect to their brother, but from a wish once more to behold a spot endeared to them by many a juvenile remembrance.

They soon bad adieu to this last residence of their parent, and hastened to the good old parson's for the little Martha, whom the countess in her haste to see her father had left there during her absence. She was transported to see her mother return, as it was the first

time she had ever left her. Sydny was delighted with her; she was grown a fine tall girl, and promised fair to exceed even her mother in beauty of person. The countess went to the casket, which among other jewels contained the ring Burns gave her in the presence of her brother, who well remembered the circumstance. Once more she put it on her finger, determined to wear it as long as she lived. Then taking an affectionate leave of the good old divine they proceeded on their journey by easy stages, and arrived in the environs of Morden castle. The forest where they first saw Glendam struck forcibly to their bosoms; they stood still on the summit of a hill which overlooked all their former haunts, to contemplate the various changes of life they had witnessed since last they visited those scenes. The mercenary views of men had bereft the forest of many of its ornaments by the felling of its venerable inhabitants; the thick underwood was cleared away, and so many trees gone that the once impenetrable woods were laid quite open. Tents were erected for the accommodation of soldiery; not a vestige of its former retired beauty and tranquillity remained. The aspect all around was changed, except the ruins where Glendam was concealed; the mouldering walls had escaped the hands of the destroyer, and still remained the principal ornament of the vale. An unusual depression of spirits brought tears from her eyes as she traversed those paternal domains. The rapid fall of the water, which still pursued its wonted course, murmured hollow in the blast that swept over the woods, dying away in the branches; the owl's dolorous cry overpowered other dreary sounds. As they approached those long-neglected ruins, her very soul hung over the recollection of former times. The innocent conversation of the little charming Martha alone aroused her from her reverie. They ascended the heights which led to the castle; lodgements for soldiers were erected on each side the principal entrance, and sentinels were placed in the different watch-towers. With difficulty they gained admission. Several soldiers were assembled on the parade. A fine bay charger, richly caparisoned, led by two grooms, appeared in waiting for its rider; and presently the earl came out of the armory with all the pomp and formality attending on sovereignty, and mounted his steed; but seeing his brother and sister cross the draw-bridge he gave them a cold reception, and, preceded by his soldiers, left the castle, saying his presence was indispensably necessary at Berwick, recommending them to the countess of Elville, who behaved extremely well to them. Matilda truly pitied her, as she appeared an amiable, elegant woman, deserving a better fate than to be the wife of such a tyrant as Edward of Elville.

MOORAD, OR FILIAL PIETY.

A TALE.

[Continued from page 216.]

CHAP. VIII.

'THE horrid scenes which then pervaded the capital, and

plunged so many families into the deepest distress, precluded my accustomed visitations. It was no longer safe for a man to live retired. If he confined himself to his books and papers he was suspected, and accused of holding an illicit correspondence with a domestic, or foreign enemy. If he visited a suffering person, it was construed into disaffection, and instantly accused as an enemy to the state. To be suspected was in fact to be considered absolutely guilty; and a premature (and perhaps ignominious) death was the inevitable consequence.

'I have now to relate a circumstance that brings me near the termination of my history. It is a catastrophe which (after the sentiments I have expressed) you will conclude I ought to have expected. But a man cannot always pursue without variation the same track of life, nor conform himself exclusively to fixed rules. Circumstances will intervene that in one instant may not only destroy the fabric, but impel us to substitute a structure on its site, which we are conscious is founded on erroneous principles. A person predetermined to follow a direct route without being attracted into the bye-ways or cross-roads by the cries or miserable appearance of such of his fellow creatures as may assail his ears, or present themselves to his sight, must have substituted the sentiments of misanthropy for philanthropy, and have mistaken obstinacy for perseverance.

'The adoption, however, of maxims and rules, when founded on reason, probity, and justice, is not only laudable, but until time and constant practice have fixed them in our minds, to render them habitual, appears absolutely requisite.

'Notwithstanding I had strong reason to conclude that a repetition of my visits to the suffering citizens would be deemed a sufficient crime to adjudge me to suffer death, yet I considered it the absolute duty of every man to extend and continue his care and sympathy as long as he is blessed with health, and the ability to do it.

'A sufferer having communicated to me his distressed situation, I hastened to his relief. On my return I was surrounded by a body of the military, instantly conveyed to a dungeon, and there, for the space of five years, closely immured. No opportunity was permitted for explanation. All intercourse whatever with me was prohibited; nor was I even informed of the nature of my crime. The ears of my persecutors were as difficult of access as they were deaf to exculpation. The purity of my intentions and conduct afforded me a firm bulwark against misrepresentation, and an ample consolation in my miserable cell.

'I viewed the whole circumstance as the immutable decree of Providence, and my oppressors as his agents. They therefore, instead of receiving my curses met with my benedictions.

'At length the period of my enlargement arrived; my prison-doors were thrown open, and the order for my liberation was produced. It was not without considerable regret that I quitted my solitary cell; every part of it was so familiarized to my mind, and had so repeatedly been the object to which I had addressed myself, and from whence I had reaped a

degree of sympathy, that I felt a kind of reluctance at my departure. Feeble in my limbs, and distressed in circumstances, I was precluded from fulfilling my determination of instantly quitting a city from which justice and humanity had long fled, and where qualities totally the reverse firmly established their dominion. My friends, I doubted not, were either numbered with the dead, or were, like myself, the victims of anarchy, or, perhaps, of despair. The thought was terrifying, and excited an unquenchable desire of instantly satisfying myself of the fact. A temporary suspension of such apprehensions in my then imbecile state was necessary to preserve my existence.

'The circumstance of my liberation was quickly noised abroad, and I felt the pleasing satisfaction of witnessing the sensations of gratitude. Some of the persons to whom I had administered relief immediately prior to my imprisonment had now risen to a comparative state of opulence. They repaired with alacrity to my dwelling, and emulated each other in every act of friendship, and on every occasion where kindness and attention could be exercised; thus proving to a demonstration the certainty of a just and generous act meeting, at some period, with its proper reward.

'You are, no doubt, anxious to learn the state of my recluse friends. I repaired to them as early as bodily infirmity would permit, and found that real felicity and uninterrupted happiness still reigned in the same degree of plenitude as when I last parted from them.

'To conclude: on parting with my friends I resolved to take the road to this city. I have indeed experienced great distresses, and serious privations, in my journey; it has, however, pleased the great Creator not only to grant me a safe arrival, but to direct my steps to this kind and hospitable roof, under which I have received such exalted and benevolent attention.'

Mahomed, whose heart was surcharged with the most interesting sensations, arose and embraced him. Congratulations, having their source in the pure fountain of philanthropy, were heaped upon the stranger. By the united and pressing invitations of the whole family he was induced to become their inmate, and eventually reconciled himself to return to Ispahan.

CHAP. IX.

Mahomed, accompanied by the stranger, Elmira, Hosain, and Sigistan, a few days afterwards quitted Gombroon for the metropolis. The several cities, towns, and villages, through which they passed, bore evident and awful testimony of civil warfare. The former were almost depopulated, and the latter presented the sad spectacle of dreadful desolation.

Their attention on the third day was attracted by an object reclining on a bank near the roadside. His left hand supported a staff, and his right was raised as a shade to his eyes. He appeared intently to observe some cattle grazing at a short distance. Mahomed expressed his wish of conversing with a character whose appearance seemed to be interesting, and to excite his veneration,

They immediately alighted, and on approaching him, the hermit (for such he was) arose, and offered a short prayer on their behalf. They saluted him with great respect, which he returned in the most courteous manner.

'We should greatly regret, father,' said Mahomed, 'if our approach has proved an interruption to your meditations, or diverted your mind from its object of contemplation.'

'It is true,' replied the hermit, 'my attention was fixed on a particular subject, but the mind when involved in contemplation is sometimes lost in a labyrinth without approaching the desired object. I then rejoice in experiencing an interruption, as it enables me to return to the inquiry with additional zest, and extricates the mind from that vortex into which it was plunged.'

'Your subject, then,' returned Mahomed, 'was of a profound nature?'

'The subject,' said the hermit, 'though not of the nature alluded to, was nevertheless interesting; it was a retrospect of the advantages I have derived from seclusion—reflection, that companion of solitude, has painted the virtues and vices of my life in their true colours. I have developed effects which, at the moment of their occurrence, I deemed the consequences of just causes. Had my reason been consulted as the guide of my actions, the spring from which the stream of my conduct received its origin would then have emanated from an unsullied source; and instead of those untoward incidents, of which I cannot do otherwise than blame myself as the occasion, each event of my life might have contributed to form an inexhaustible fund of satisfaction and happiness; whereas on the contrary the circumstances that delusion is apt to consider as casualties, and attribute to inevitable fate, and thence derive, what is mistakenly called content and satisfaction, become no other than a vain and shallow pretext to persist in acting on the same erroneous principles. This idea, in common with mankind in general, I unfortunately fell into. I do not, however, deny but a series of melancholy events may happen to persons who do consult their reason, and who act on principles of the strictest propriety and rectitude; but a great difference here occurs; such persons are exalted by adverse destiny, and, if possible, deduce more satisfaction from that cause than from the opposite extreme.'

'Do you recommend, father,' said the stranger, 'that men in general should retire for a limited time from the world?'

'I am of opinion,' returned the hermit, 'that a man occasionally secluding, and consequently resigning himself wholly to reflection will reap advantages of a superior and refined nature; and also that society will thereby be very considerably benefited. A man will then trace the material errors of his life, and by discovering their causes not only avoid them in future, but raise a beacon by which posterity may with certainty avoid them also. Thus in process of time the human race may rationally hope to return to a life of purity. Solitude, however, when too long persisted in, not only degrades the mind in its own esteem, but is otherwise attended with objections of serious magnitude.'

'I doubt not,' said Mahomed, 'but the road you have pointed out leads the most directly to the temple of truth and wisdom, of any within the extent of our vision.'

'The road to that temple,' said the hermit, 'is evidently through the gates of probity and justice — all other routes lead diverse, by pursuing which, the faculties of the mind are paralized by a visionary and unattainable object; and the body, by a natural sympathy, and endless exertion, soon becomes enervated; it is, moreover, prematurely precipitated into that yawning gulph from which all extrication is debarred, and the soul presents itself before the Omnipotent, ere it is prepared for the awful moment.'

The observations of the hermit made an indelible impression on his auditors, and they parted from him with every mark of respect and gratitude.

'How justly,' said Hosain, 'is benignity and content pourtrayed in the countenance of that man.'

'What you have observed,' said the stranger, 'is the effect, of which the tenor of his divine precept is the cause; and it is conspicuous that his mind is adorned with those distinguished virtues which tend to exalt and expand our faculties.'

'It appears to me,' said Hosain, 'that the most commendable virtues in man are fortitude and its concomitant magnanimity. Without the former, his inability to endure the vicissitudes of life, and versatility of human affairs, would be most flagrant — a true portion of which, and a just estimation of its benefits, will enable him to move in his orbit with distinguished lustre and true majesty of mind — while the greatness of soul, attached to the latter, ennobles his nature, and dignifies all his actions.'

'Fortitude,' said Mahomed, 'is indeed entitled to the transcendent rank allotted to it among the virtues — it constitutes a principal staff of life, and, in its true spirit, empowers a man to bear prosperity with submission, and adversity with resignation.'

'The absence of fortitude,' said the stranger, 'clearly denotes the presence of Cowardice — a substitute of the most debasing kind! — a vice of the blackest and most infamous cast! — The mortal endued with it is foredoomed to experience the contempt and abhorrence of his species — his demeanor is marked with that hesitation and irresolution which disqualifies him for the purposes of life — and he generally falls the unlamented victim of some base or degenerate act.'

CHAP. X.

Moorad and his companions arrived at the city of Senaa without further accident or interruption. — The government granted the former a loan adequate to the expenses of proceeding to Jeddah (a trading city selected for his residence), and to enable him to procure a subsistence by the exercise of his late occupation.

At Jeddah Moorad applied himself with assiduity and industry to traffic, and had the satisfaction of beholding his labours rewarded by a rapid accumulation of wealth.

In the fourteenth year of his residence there, intelligence arrived of a cessation (in some de-

gree) of the civil warfare in Persia. The influence of this information quickly pervaded his mind, and he felt its genial effect diffuse itself throughout his frame.

Ye parents, who have experienced a separation from your infant children — whose malignant fate has compelled you to tear the beauteous angel from your breast — and who have felt the torture of the most painful solicitude — acknowledge the ecstasy of a speedy prospect of relief, and prostrate yourselves before that Omniscient Being who graciously vouchsafed it!

Moorad immediately arranged his affairs for departing, and sailed for Gombroon by the earliest conveyance.

The joy he felt at Gombroon on ascertaining the safety of his children, and of his friend, was materially affected by the information of their departure; more particularly so, as anarchy had recommenced its rage, and acted with renovated fury. He, however, resolved to follow them; and, having deposited his property in the custody of a factor, proceeded with all possible dispatch for the capital.

Calamity, that dire enemy of mankind, whose shaft is ever directed at its object, and whose eye is ever on the alert to detect the unwary, will severely wound or destroy its prey, unless due attention is paid in poizing that shield (emblazoned with the figures of Patience, Resignation, and Perseverance) which man is generally presented with at his nativity; in which event, though he may not assail the archer, he can at least avert the offensive weapon, or spoil it of its venom.

The fate of Moorad would, to the inattentive observer, appear suspended by an almost invisible cord; but a close view manifested its more than adequate strength — and that his ægis, though apparently attended to but carelessly, was nevertheless conducted in the most skilful and dexterous manner.

The caution which Moorad was constrained to observe in his route to Ispahan, necessarily retarded his journey, and forced him to select the most unfrequented roads, and the almost untrodden paths — precautions, however, which ultimately proved of trifling avail — on the evening of the fourth day he was seized by a detachment of soldiers in the interest of Kerim Khan, and conveyed to the camp of that general.

The alternative of entering the ranks or suffering death, severe and intolerable in itself, was submitted to him in a still more severe manner. In the hope of another revolution in his affairs, and with his customary firmness of character, he yielded to his destiny, and took up arms with tranquillity.

[*To be concluded in our next.*]

To the Editor *of the* Lady's Magazine.

Sir,

I see in your last number a note from your correspondent R. P., respecting the controverted and proverbial lines (which I need not again quote), and find that his opinion is, they may be found in the editions published twenty or thirty years back (which is a very vague description). I can only

say, that the edition I quoted from, in my last note to you on the subject, was published in the year 1750. The title-page runs thus—'Hudibras. In three Parts. Written in the Time of the late Wars. Corrected and amended: with Additions. To which is added Annotations, with an exact Index to the Whole. London, printed by Robert Brown, for Charles Bathurst in Fleet-street, MDCCL.' Since then I have seen one of the latest editions, and the part alluded to, and indeed quoted, both by your correspondent R. P. and myself, runs the same in that also. I do not think it very likely that any of the intermediate editions should vary from these; and I quite agree with what you have said in your note to R. P.'s letter, that he ought to have given a correct description of the edition he alluded to; and, for one, shall be very happy if he will give you that description in some future letter.

I am, Sir,

Your much obliged, J. M. L.

June 3, 1808.

To the Editor *of the* Lady's Magazine.

Sir,

I should esteem it a favour if any of your numerous correspondents will favour me (through the medium of your useful Magazine) of an effectual remedy against that troublesome insect, *Aphides*, or Plant-louse, which infests the different kinds of rose-trees kept within doors, I have frequently tried tobacco-smoke, and also a decoction of that herb without effect.

It will very much oblige

A constant Reader.

May 10, 1808.

Account of the New Play, intitled 'The Mysterious Bride,' performed, for the first time, at the Theatre-Royal, Drury Lane, on Wednesday, June 1.

The Characters were—

Almaric - - - - -	Mr. Putnam.
Oswald - - - - - -	Mr. Raymond.
Armanski - - - - -	Mr. Siddons.
Botmann - - - - -	Mr. Palmer.
Miesco - - - - - -	Mr. De Camp.
Store - - - - - - -	Mr. Maddocks.
Orloff - - - - - -	Mr. Cooke.
Elisena - - - - - -	Mrs. H. Siddons.
Olfrida - - - - - -	Mrs. Harlowe.
Gertrude - - - - -	Mrs. Sparks.
Marian - - - - - -	Mrs. Bland.

Scene—*Transylvania.*

Time—*Fourteenth Century.*

The Fable.

ELISENA, daughter of the Bohemian king, has been sent under the conduct of an officer, called Armanski, to be united in marriage with Almaric, the prince of Transylvania. Previous to her departure the Bohemian monarch had given a medallion to Armanski, with the name of Elisena marked in diamonds. Elisena is ignorant of this circumstance, as the present is intended as an agreeable surprise to the prince on the day of his marriage. Oswald, an ambitious favourite of the prince, had conceived a daring design of imposing his sister Olfrida on his master for the long-expected princess. Enamoured by the portrait artfully presented by the brother, the prince hails Olfrida as his long-expected bride. In the mean time the ruffians of Oswald attack Armanski and his train in the forest

of Moldavia, and rob him of the medallion and every other proof; they seize the princess, and plunge Armanski in the river. When Elisena arrives two ruffians are about to murder her. Touched with pity, they spare her life, and disguise her as a peasant. She is hired as a servant at the inn by Bolmann, and his waiter, Miesco, a generous rustic. She here meets with the prince, and captivates him at a fête, yet dares not disclose herself, dreading the vengeance of Oswald and Olfrida. Miesco is shortly enamoured with Elisena, but when she discloses her real situation, wholly renounces his passion, and devotes himself with zeal to her welfare. As the prince and Olfrida are about to be united, Armanski, who had been saved by the care of peasants, arrives at the moment. He accuses Oswald and Olfrida, who retort the charge of imposture. Armanski asks the prince for the medallion in which the portrait of Elisena is concealed by a secret spring. He then urges the false Elisena to prove herself the daughter of his master, by showing the diamond which opens the medallion. She falters. Elisena points to the letter E. The prince opens the medallion, and the title of Elisena is confirmed. The piece ends with the defeat of the impostors, and the union of Almaric and Elisena.

This piece is the composition of Mr. Skeffington, a gentleman well known in the fashionable and literary world. The Town is already indebted to Mr. Skeffington for some pieces of attraction. The language is always correct, perfectly natural, and, when occasion required it, sufficiently dignified. The interest is kept alive during the whole piece, and increased as it approached the *denouement*. The scene between the inn-keeper and his wife, in which goodness of heart, and jealousy seem contending for the acendency, is well conceived; and the author has displayed no inconsiderable knowledge of human nature.

We must offer our testimony of approbation to Mr. Siddons, whose development of the plot was admirably delivered, and the author's language, which was here particularly strong and appropriate, was correctly conceived, and given with spirit. The performance of Mrs. H. Siddons was chaste and pleasing; and, in the scene where she attracts the notice of the prince by the elegance of her language, and the dignity of her deportment, she was particularly happy. All the performers acquitted themselves with commendable emulation.

The Prologue, by Mr. Skeffington, was spoken with uncommon energy by Mr. Putnam.

The Epilogue, by Mrs. Piozzi, was spoken by Mr. Russell.

Mrs. Bland sung a Neapolitan air, selected, we are told, by Mr. Skeffington. It had much sweetness and simplicity, and was *encored* amidst loud acclamations.

On the dropping of the curtain, four distinct rounds of applause testified, in the most decided manner, the universal approbation of the audience.

POETICAL ESSAYS.

ODE

For his Majesty's Birth-Day.

By H. J. PYE. Esq. P. L.

NOT with more joy, when, gathering round,
Dark mists the face of heaven deform;
When howls the wind with dismal sound,
Preluding to the rising storm;
We thro' the severing clouds descry
Of cheering light a golden gleam,
And hail awhile the clearing sky,
And feel awhile the genial beam,
Than now, when spreading wide and far,
Roars the tremendous peal of war,
We bless of peace and joy the ray
That gilds the happy hours of George's natal day.

From regions wrapp'd in endless snow,
Eternal Winter's drear domain,
To where Sol's fervid axles glow
Incessant o'er the arid plain,
The Muses look with anxious eye,
To see the clouds of discord fly,
That the loud clarion's warlike sound,
Which awes a trembling world, may cease,
And all their tuneful choir around
May strike the lyre to notes of peace;
The scenes of horror and of death be o'er,
And fell Ambition grasp her iron rod no more.

Vain are their hopes, their vows are vain,
War still protracts his bloody reign;
And when these halcyon hours are past
That lull awhile the stormy blast,
The Muse again in martial lays,
Must bid her voice the song of battle raise;
Must show that all the joys that smile
On Britain's heaven-protected isle,
Call on her sons with tenfold might
To stem the threatening waves of fight,
Whelm in th' ensanguin'd tide their country's foes,
And guard with giant arm the blessings Heaven bestows.

ELEGY

On the death of a promising youth, who was drowned while bathing.

YE festive youths, who bow at Pleasure's shrine,
And pass the frolic hour in pastimes vain,
Quit, for a little space, the laughing scene,
And listen to my monitory strain.

And while you listen may a ray divine
Chase error's gloom, and clear your mental sight;
So Sol, emerging, drives Night's hovering shades,
And pours o'er Nature's face a flood of light.

Ye sympathizing hearts, who feel for all,
And sigh for sorrows not your own, draw near,
Join the mute train that follows Richard's hearse,
And shed soft Pity's tribute o'er his bier.

Unpleasing theme, to sing of blooming youth
Snatch'd from society in life's gay hour;
Alas! Misfortune stalks this lower sphere,
And blasts full oft the fairest human flower.
Poor youth! One morn in Summer's sunny reign,
He went to bathe in Stour's mean-d'ring wave,
With cheerful haste he walk'd to meet his fate,
Plung'd in the stream—and found a watery grave.

Alas! alas! no friendly arm was near,
To snatch him from the gulph that yawn'd beneath!
Surely his guardian angel at the time
Forsook his charge, and left him to stern Death!
Fond youths! while Hope's fallacious dreams amuse,
And Expectation paints approaching joy,
Beware!—perhaps a dark impending cloud,
Big with your fate, hangs hov'ring to destroy.

Should this memento check your wild career,
From Folly's path your heedless feet restrain,
Then not in vain the artless Muse has sung
This moral song—nor Richard died in vain.

John Webb.

Haverhill, June 1, 1808.

To ANN.

O LET me whisper in thine ear
How much I love thee, Ann!
That eye oft gemm'd with Mercy's tear,
Which trembled as it ran.
That eye with beaming fire has shed
On me its potent ray,
Whose beam must either strike me dead,
Or give me Love's bright day!

As when the rosy lord of light
In splendor rob'd appears,
He chases far the gloom of night,
And dries sad Nature's tears,
So when thine eye of brightest blue,
My Ann, its lustre shows,
It makes the man, to feeling true,
Forget his heaviest woes.

Then, dearest! deign that I may share
That eye's propitious beam;
Nor strike with death, or dark despair,
Thy truest lover's dream:
For oh! 'twere death if its clear ray
Should frown on me in gloom!
Dear Ann, 'twould close ' life's little day,'
And lead me to the tomb!

J. M. L.

June 3, 1808.

THE SAVOYARD'S RETURN.

OH! yonder is the well-known spot,
My dear, my long-lost native home!
O welcome is yon little cot,
Where I shall rest, no more to roam!
Oh! I have travell'd far and wide,
O'er many a distant foreign land;
Each place, each province, I have tried,
And sung, and danc'd my saraband;
But all their charms could not prevail
To steal my heart from yonder vale.

Of distant climes the false report
Allur'd me from my native land:
It made me rove—my sole support
My cymbals and my saraband.

The woody dell, the hanging rock,
The chamois skipping o'er the heights,
The plain adorn'd with many a flock,
And, oh! a thousand more delights,
That grace yon dear belov'd retreat,
Have backward won my weary feet.

Now safe return'd, with wandering tir'd,
No more my little home I'll leave;
And many a tale of what I've seen
Shall wear away the winter's eve.
Oh! I have wander'd far and wide,
O'er many a distant foreign land;
Each place, each province, I have tried,
And sung and danc'd my saraband;
But all their charms could not prevail
To steal my heart from yonder vale

STANZA.

HOW much I mourn the sweetly-simple cot
That by yon spire* once rear'd its humble head,
Painful to think!—Its ruins strew'd the spot
To raise a formal fabric in its stead.

What social happy hours, alas! I've spent
Beneath its kind and hospitable roof,
My raptur'd soul then tasted true content;
Of matchless love I felt the ardent proof.

'Twas sweet Corinna cheer'd its rural bow'r,
Then in the native bloom of Beauty's pride;
But soon was cropt kind Nature's fairest flow'r,
The Graces wept when poor Corinna died!

As thither I with wand'ring footsteps stray,
Regret pervades, and wakes the mournful sigh,

* Pinner Church.

Till sweet Religion comes with soothing ray,
And bids me hope we yet may meet on high!

F. T.

Pinner.

ODE

To Spring.

Composed by Miss Mary Leach, of Whitchurch, in the County of Southampton, who died Jan. 25, 1795, aged 19 Years.

WELCOME sweet season of returning spring,
The gladen'd Muse thy praise delights to sing;
Thy genial influence gives the poet fire,
And wakes to ecstasy his tuneful lyre.
The warbling songsters of the vernal grove,
Inspir'd by thee, attune their songs to love.
Behold the lark, in sweet harmonious lays,
Piercing the skies, sounds forth her Maker's praise.
The cheerful lambs in sportive mirth are seen,
And nymphs and swains attend the verdant green.
Behold the rose, the pride of flowers, appear
T' adorn the garden, and enrich the year.
The violet's purple hue, and snow-drop white,
With sweet attractive beauties both unite
To charm the sense, and yield us fresh delight.
The lovely Zephyrs and mild cooling breeze
Display their beauties 'midst the spreading trees.
Rural delights promiscuous play around,
And lovely flowers enamel all the ground.

How pleasing to a contemplative mind,
For such alone know pleasures thus refin'd,
Alas! how few to meditate inclin'd!
The verdant bow'r, and sweet sequester'd shade,
The purling riv'lets, and the flow'ry mead,
Appear insipid to the thoughtless mind,
But how delightful to a soul refin'd!
What can exceed the beauties of the field?
Can pomp or grandeur e'er such pleasures yield?
Alas! 'midst riches, pomp, and gaudy show,
Pale melancholy often clads the brow;
But in the sweet retirement of the vale,
How sweet to rove, returning spring to hail.
But when the summer's parching sun is seen,
'Twill strip the lovely landscape of its green,
Then the fair flowers, with all their boasted pride,
Stript of their bloom, will in oblivion hide;
Yet when these rural beauties shall decay,
We easily foresee a future day;
When wlth fresh vigour they'll appear and sing,
And hail the beauties of returning spring.

THE TOMB OF ROSA.

WHEN night comes on in solemn gloom,
And weary mortals sleep,
Before his Rosa's mournful tomb,
Poor Edward steals to weep!

There gazing at the moon's pale beam
He of his lot complains,
And meditates, an hour unseen,
O'er Beauty's sad remains!

While in the zenith of her charms,
Pure e'en as virgin snow!
Torn was she from her lover's arms,
And in the dust laid low.

O yet, fond youth, dry up thy tears,
Suppress those heaving sighs;
Thy Rosa now, a star appears
Within yon vaulted skies!

F. T.

Pinner.

EXTEMPORE

WITH A HANDKERCHIEF
TO MISS E. D. U.

ELIZA! when I took your handkerchief,
With it you seem'd uncommon loth to part,
But recollect 'twas you first play'd the thief,
'Twas you, fair maid, that stole away my heart.

This handkerchief I send then do accept,
The little debt I owe it will repay;
And now from you a heart I do expect,
In lieu of that you slily stole away.

S. Y.

B——t, May 6, 1808.

TO THE SHADE OF H——.

OH! while my tear-swoln languid eye
With rapture views yon azure sky,
How full my soul of thee, sweet maid!
Lov'd fancy paints thy blissful shade;
Not as thou wert in elder time,
But chang'd from mortal to divine!

Yet, love, how cease thy loss to mourn!
How pass unmov'd that hallow'd urn
Which marks the spot, where now do rest
The ashes of a frame once blest!
With ev'ry virtue, grace, and mien,
That could adorn a fairy queen!
Ah! no:—While blood flows in the veins,
And Mem'ry, sad, her seat retains,
I'll sigh and weep, repeat thy name,
For death alone can ease my pain!
Oh, be not heedless of my fate,
But for me plead at heaven's gate!

F. T.

Pinner.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Brussels, April 18.

THE marching of troops through Belgium has re-commenced; their destination is probably Spain, as they march through Orleans. On the coast of the North Sea there now remains only a sufficient number of men for its defence, in case a descent should be attempted.

Several travellers, who have arrived here from Flushing, relate that the greatest exertions are making there to fit the flotilla for sea, and that several ships are already in the Scheldt; they are easily manned, as great numbers of seamen are continually arriving.

Vienna, April 27. Our court Gazette of this day contains the following intelligence from Turkey.

The two ministers of the Sublime Porte, lately deposed, the Reis Effendi, Seid Haleth Effendi, and the Kaimacan, Tagyar Mustapha Pacha, were banished on the 19th of March, the former to Kutuhaja, and the latter to Demotica.

The public tranquillity at Constantinople was somewhat disturbed on the 24th of March by a tumult of the Softas in the mosque of Sultan Mehmed, but by energetic measures it was immediately quelled. The principal ringleader was taken from an asylum to which he had fled, and executed with others.

On the 22d of March the fleet of the Capudar Pacha, consisting of seven sail of the line, among which were three three-deckers, two frigates, and several brigs, anchored before the arsenal in the outer harbour, in expectation of orders to sail. The English cruisers in the Archipelago, and even in the Ionian and Adriatic Seas, have all disappeared since the arrival of the squadron of admiral Gantheaume, which has raised the blockade of Corfu. Smyrna, which was so closely blockaded, is now entirely open.

According to accounts received from several ships, admiral Collingwood has collected at Malta all the naval force at his disposal, in order to pursue the French fleet. This fleet, however, is now known to have got back to Toulon.

Baron Binder goes from the station of Austrian Charge d'Affaires at Koningsberg, to St. Petersburgh, as ambassador, in the room of general Meerveldt, who retires.

Banks of the Maine, April 30. Fifty thousand more French troops have received orders to march for Spain, from Italy. The French troops encamped near Glogau and Breslau, and cantoned in the territory of Bayreuth, will march for Italy to supply their place.

To-day three waggons drawn by four horses, and laden with money, passed through Hanau, on their way to Mentz, under a strong escort of French cavalry.

Florence, May 10. British colonial produce, formerly sequestrated at Leghorn, and afterwards repurchased, is now admitted all over Italy, on producing proper certificates.

May 17. The general government of Tuscany has given notice that the existing necessities of the state, as well as the measures some time since resolved upon, require that the number of religious houses, now far too great, should be diminished.

Nimes, May 20. On the 14th, in the morning, a courier passed through

this city, with orders for the troops who are advancing from Italy, to accelerate their passage to Spain by forced marches. On this account the 56th regiment of the line made a march of twelve hours, to be able to arrive here by the evening.

Leipsic, May 21. Our gazette mentions, on the authority of letters from Petersburgh and Riga, that the surrender of Sweaborg is expected to be followed by a general armistice between the Swedes and Russians, during which a negotiation for a definitive peace will take place. A note is added to this, in which the editor remarks, that the latest intelligence from the North makes no mention of any truce.

Copenhagen, May 31. According to private letters, the English have taken possession of the little island of Lyoe, in the vicinity of Alsen, which has been deserted by the inhabitants.

Hamburgh. The Correspondenten states, on the authority of letters from Constantinople, that the truce between the Turks and Russians had been prolonged for two months, under the mediation of the French ambassador, Sebastiani. It is added, that the Divan was occupied during two days in discussing the demand of France for a passage for her armies through the Turkish territories to Persia, before it agreed to it. The Nuremberg Gazette states that letters from officers in marshal Davoust's army mention that that corps had received orders to hold itself in readiness to break up for Southern Russia. The army will collect at Astracan, and march through Persia to the East Indies.

Madrid, May 15. His imperial highness the grand duke of Berg daily receives the congratulations and homages of the authorities and nobles of the kingdom, and from the foreign ministers.

On the 9th instant were presented to his imperial highness, the lieutenant-general, the generals, the king's household, the Spanish and Walloon body-guards, the infantry, cavalry, and invalids of the garrison of Madrid, the adjutant of the place, and the royal corps of artillery.

On the 10th, the grandees of Spain, the council of Castille, the council of Inquisition, the council of the Indies, the council of the Orders, the city of Madrid, with the corrigedor at its head, the secretary of State, the secretary of Favour and Justice, the secretaries for the War and Marine departments, the secretary for the Spanish and Indian domains, the assembly of the order of Charles III., headed by the patriarch, the major-domos for the week, the gentlemen of the chamber, the central Junta, the marine corps.

On the 11th instant, the apostolic nuncio, M. Gravina; the charge des affaires of France, Austria, Saxony, and the United States; M. le baron Strogonoff, minister plenipotentiary from Russia, and M. Verheule, in the same capacity from Holland.

On the 12th, the pages, the directors of the lottery, the bishops of Albarzican, Nicaragna, and Paragua, and the officers of the court of Justice for Castille.

On the 14th, four ecclesiastical superiors, in the name of their communities; the general and superiors of the religious order of charitable uses; of the Chapel Royal, &c.

On the 15th, the order of St. John of of Jerusalem, having Don Francisco, lieutenant-general of the grand convent, at its head.

The captain-general of Catalonia has written to the Junta of state, that he had published in the province under his orders the proclamations which he had received, and that they had produced the most happy effects. The most perfect tranquillity prevails in Catalonia. Government has received similar intelligence from the provinces of Arragon, Valencia, Granada, and Estramadura, the coast of St. Andero, and Castille.

Paris, May 17. The period when the destiny of the Spanish nation and of its sovereign will be irrevocably fixed no longer appears to be remote. The Official Journal already begins to throw aside part of the veil which concealed the negotiations, whereof Bayonne was the centre, by announcing

the conclusion of a treaty between the emperor and the different members of the Spanish house. The article wherein the Moniteur announces this important intelligence is dated Bayonne, May 11, and is as follows:—

'By a treaty concluded between the emperor Napoleon and king Charles, and which has been acceded to by the prince of Asturias, and the infants Don Carlos, Don Francisco, and Don Antonio, who compose the whole of the members of the house of Spain, all the existing differences have been adjusted. We are still ignorant of the conditions of the treaty. According to the constitution of our government it cannot be made public till it has been communicated to the senate. But we perceive by the proclamation of the king of Spain, and that of the prince of Asturias, that the emperor Napoleon is clothed with all the rights of the house of Spain. King Charles, queen Louisa Maria, queen Maria Louisa, and the infant Don Francisco, dine to-day with the emperor, and set off to-morrow for Bourdeaux. They will make this journey in four days, and will repair to Fontainbleau, whence they will go to Compeigne. It is believed that this residence has been destined by his majesty to king Charles, that he may spend the remainder of his days there. The prince of Asturias, the infant Don Carlos, and the infant Don Antonio, spent the evening yesterday with their majesties the emperor and empress. They will spend two days at Bourdeaux, and will afterwards proceed to Valency, whence it is probable they will go to Navarre. It is believed that his majesty has ceded to them that superb domain, and the forest appertaining to it.

'It is said that many Spaniards of distinction are on the road to Bayonne, where it appears that the emperor is about to hold a general Junta. It is presumed that he will be occupied, not only in regulating the succession to the throne, but also in fixing certain ameliorations, which all good Spaniards call for. Every thing is entirely tranquil in Spain. Things are on the best footing there.'

To the above article was joined a mandate from king Charles to the Junta of the Government, announcing the nomination of the grand duke of Berg lieut.-general of the kingdom; and a proclamation addressed to the Spaniards, both dated on the 4th of May; a proclamation of the 5th of May, from the Junta to the inhabitants of Madrid; a circular (proclamation) sent on the 6th by the Inquisition, to all the tribunals of the kingdom; and, finally, a letter from the king to the supreme Council of Castille, and to the Council of Inquisition.

PROCLAMATION.

'Spaniards: My beloved subjects; perfidious men seek to mislead you. They would put arms into your hands against the French troops; they seek alike to arm you against the French, and the French against you. The sacking of all Spain, calamities of every kind, would be the result. The spirit of faction, the sad effects of which I have already felt, is still in motion. In the midst of these important and critical circumstances, I am occupied in concerting with my ally, the emperor of the French, all that concerns your welfare. Beware of listening to the enemies of it. All those who speak to you against France, thirst for your blood: they are either enemies of your nation, or agents of England, who are busy availing themselves of circumstances, and whose intrigues would involve the loss of your colonies, the separation of your provinces, or a series of years of trouble and calamity for your country.

'Spaniards! trust to my experience, and obey that authority which I hold from God and my fathers; follow my example, and think that in the position in which you stand, there is no prosperity and safety for Spaniards but in the friendship of the great emperor, our ally.

'Given at Bayonne, from the Imperial Palace, styled Palace of the Government, May 4, 1808.

'I, THE KING.'

HOME NEWS.

Manchester, May 25.

IN consequence of the rejection of the Bill for fixing the minimum of wages, a very great agitation has been excited amongst the weavers in this town and vicinity. Yesterday and this day many thousands of them assembled in a field near St. George's Church, by Newton-lane, and appointed delegates to attend the magistrates with a statement of their grievances, which they assert arose not so much from a scarcity of employment, as from the unparalleled reduction which the prices of their work have recently experienced; insomuch that after labouring for six days, at the rate of fourteen or fifteen hours per day, they cannot possibly earn more than seven or eight shillings! A pittance which will not support nature. Their employers, on the contrary, insist that owing to the stagnation of trade they cannot afford to pay higher prices, and promise to increase them to their wonted standard as soon as a restoration of peace shall enable them.

Be this as it may, a very serious alarm has been excited. The people have this day flocked hither from all the circumjacent townships, viz. Stockport, Bolton, Bury, Oldham, Ashton-under-Line, Eccles, &c. and became so formidable, though certainly at first orderly and quiet, that the military from the Barracks (4th dragoons) were drawn out, and all the volunteer corps assembled. The magistrates repeatedly requested the people to disperse, and used every possible means to appease them; but as they persisted in their right to assemble, and remained unmoved on the field, the Riot-Act was at length read, and the soldiery made several apparently furious charges, merely with a view to enforce compliance, at the same time carefully avoiding any serious injury. Notwithstanding this forbearance, however, the mob persevered, and considerable mischief has been done, one man is killed, and many wounded. About 20 persons have likewise been apprehended, and committed to prison. The utmost consternation still (at eight o'clock, *p. m.*) pervades the town, and every one dreads the result.

Cork, May 29. His Majesty's ship Virginie, of 38 guns, capt. Brace, arrived in our harbour this morning, with the Dutch frigate Guelderland, her prize. Capt. Brace fell in with her at four o'clock on the evening of the 19th inst. in lat. 46, long. 14, and chased her till nine. When he got alongside of her, he asked what ship she was, on being answered a Dutch frigate, he immediately desired her to surrender, which was refused. A close action then commenced, which lasted for an hour and twenty-eight minutes. The Dutch frigate had all her masts and bowsprit shot away, 25 men killed, and 40 badly wounded, and was on fire when she struck. She mounts 36 guns, and had 280 men on board, and was bound to Batavia with stores. The Virginie was a good deal cut in her sails and rigging, and had one man killed, and one wounded. Capt. Brace says that the Dutchman behaved in the most gallant manner.

Blackburn, June 1. On Monday morning last this town was thrown into great alarm by seeing a crowd of people assembled on a hill near Grimshaw

Park. About twelve o'clock a great concourse, principally boys, paraded the streets for about an hour, armed with long staves, but after breaking the windows of a tradesman in Darwen-street, they quickly for that time dispersed. About nine o'clock in the evening a company of the 48th regiment of foot arrived here from Preston, and paraded in the hotel yard; very soon after upwards of 1,500 people blocked up the entrances, breaking the windows, shouting and huzzaing in a hideous manner, and threatening the military if they made their appearance. About eleven o'clock the soldiers, and some of the most respectable gentlemen, sallied forth upon them, and after securing about a dozen who appeared the foremost, four of whom are now in custody, quickly dispersed the rest.

Yesterday morning a more numerous body than before was seen in a field between Billinge and Limbrick, who afterwards passed through the town towards Darwen, and have not since made their appearance. This we ascribe to the price of work being raised, provisions lowered, and the determined conduct of the gentlemen and military in resisting them. About 130 assistant constables were yesterday sworn in, and all was tranquillity last night. Long may it continue so, and the poor people know that cool petitions have a greater tendency to benefit their cause than unlawful and tumultuous riot. The only mischiefs and accidents which occurred were, a soldier wounded in the head by a stone, and one of the mob pricked in the back, and another in the neck by a bayonet, all slightly hurt; and a great many windows broken in the principal streets.

At Heywood, Mr. Ashton, a repectable manufacturer, was dragged from his bed in the night, in order to sign a paper tendered to him; and in consequence of his refusal he was maltreated in a shameful manner. At Oldham some few of the most mischievous of the multitude broke the windows of Mr. Lees, and other respectable gentlemen, who have ever been friendly to the claims of the weavers; an instance of ingratitude that merits the severest reprehension.

June 4. There has been a suspension of business here for two or three days back, on account of rioting among the cotton-weavers. The manufacturers have been obliged to advance their pay. At present they are more quiet.

Manchester, June 5. Notwithstanding the general satisfaction that was expressed on Tuesday evening last by the weavers, in consequence of the liberal advance of the wages offered by the great body of manufacturers, and contrary to all expectation, an amicable arrangement has not yet taken place. A demand of six shillings and eightpence in the pound increase has since been made by a party of the workmen; but many hundreds deem the offers already held out to be equitable, and wish to return to their employment. This, however, they are prevented from doing by the refractory and dissolute members of their trade, who have actually deprived the industrious and peaceable weavers of their shuttles.

The report of the prison at Rochdale having been burned is but too true. The mob, in order to release some of their confederates, broke into and actually set fire to the building. Further mischief would probably have been effected had not a detachment of dragoons from Manchester, and the Halifax volunteers, arrived in time to prevent it. Several persons are in custody charged with riotous proceedings in Rochdale and its vicinity. At Oldham also some injury has been done to factories and dwellings, such as breaking windows, &c.

London, June 8. At seven o'clock this morning two Spanish noblemen, Viscount Materosa and Don Diego de la Vega, arrived at the Admiralty, attended by capt. Hill, of the Humber. They came from Spain in the Stag privateer, and were landed at Falmouth, having got on board that ship from an open boat that took them from Gijon, in the province of Asturias. They offered 500 guineas for a passage to England. The intelligence they have brought is of very great importance.

They were in Madrid at the time of the insurrection, on the 2d of May, and declare that 4000 French were killed, including a large proportion of Officers. They contrived to make their escape after the insurrection, and hastened into the province of Asturias, which they left about the 30th of May. They assert, that one sentiment of indignation against the French pervades Spain, but particularly the provinces of Asturias and Galicia. Galicia is in a state of insurrection, and even the women, forgetting awhile the natural delicacy and timidity of their sex, are animating, by their speeches and example, the men to take up arms against the invaders. All Asturias is rising, and has already on foot an army of 40,000 men.

There is no want of arms, but a great scarcity of ammunition, which we trust our Government will immediately furnish. Asturias set the example of resistance, and dispatched commissioners into Galicia to invite the people to rise in concert with them.

Mr. Hunter, the British consul, having been sent prisoner by Murat from Madrid, with orders that he should be thrown into prison at St. Andero, the people immediately arose and liberated him, and put the French consul in prison in his stead. A declaration of war against the French was then issued at St. Andero. These noblemen entertain little doubt that Biscay and Catalonia will immediately follow the example of Asturias and Galicia, and in short they describe all Spain to be against the French.

Plymouth, June 13. This morning, all the revenue cutters in this port were put under the orders of admiral Young, to be at his disposal; it is supposed they are to carry home the Spanish prisoners in this port, in number about two thousand. Lists of all those Spanish prisoners who are natives of the four maritime provinces now in arms, are ordered to be made out at Mill prison.

Plymouth, June 15. Came in last night, just as the mail-coach was setting off for London, the Statira, 38, from off Ferrol, from which port she brought in here passenger, a Spanish nobleman of rank, who was immediately landed with his dispatches, and as it was the quickest conveyance, admiral Young thought it most proper to send him off with his packet in the mail-coach, in which he was fortunate enough to secure a place for London.—Various rumours are afloat as to the object of his mission, but nothing correct or certain has yet transpired.

London, June 14. A dreadful affray took place, on Sunday night, in Whitechapel, between a body of Portuguese and a body of American sailors. The force had been assembling on both sides during the course of the day, and about ten o'clock at night they came to a serious engagement. They fought with sticks, stones, swords, knives, and every other weapon that they could muster. Two of the Americans were killed on the spot, and several wounded, two of whom are not expected to recover. One of the men who was killed had his skull fractured by the point of the stick of an umbrella, which was forced into his head near his ear. Some of the ringleaders have been apprehended and committed to prison.

London, June 15. An affray took place at Chatham, early on Sunday morning, between some bricklayers' labourers and three soldiers belonging to the royal marine artillery. After pelting each other for some time, a more serious scuffle ensued between one of the labourers and one of the soldiers, in which the latter, after receiving some severe blows on the head, stabbed the former with his bayonet in the breast. The labourer, whose name was Wm. Chessan, expired almost instantly. Philip Archer, the soldier who stabbed him, was on Monday committed to Maidstone gaol, to take his trial at the next assizes.

The commander of a volunteer corps near London, has proposed a shooting match, offering as a reward to the best shot of each company a new beaver hat; one of the field officers of the corps having just opened a hat manufactory!

Plymouth, June 16.—It is now understood the Spanish nobleman which came from Ferrol on Tuesday, in the Statira frigate, left Ferrol in a flag of truce, and went on board our commodore on that station: the object of his mission was, to ask for ammunition, which the commander of the British squadron very prudently declined, on the plea of not having any orders to that effect from his government, but offered him one of our cruizing frigates, off Ferrol, to convey him and his dispatches to England for the British government, and that if he brought back orders from England to supply the Spaniards with powder, he would supply them to the extent of his means. The Spanish nobleman says there has as yet been no insurrection in Ferrol: but if the French attempt to take Ferrol, the Spaniards will rise *en masse* to oppose them, and that they have plenty of arms, but feel a want of powder.

A few days since as one of the men in the employ of Mr. Rhodes, the cow-keeper, was going to attend the cows in a field at the back of the Queen's-head and Artichoke public-house, leading to Camden Town, he found a man genteelly dressed, who appeared to have been shot; he made the circumstance known, and the body was in a short time after owned by the disconsolate widow of the deceased. He proved to be a Mr. Jacobs, of Pratt-place, Camden Town, who had retired there from business in London, with a sufficient property to live upon. He left his home in the afternoon to visit Mr. Moss, who resides at Cumberland-place, Lisson-green, and received some money. When he left Mr. Moss, he said he was going to Salisbury-place, where he stopped to see some persons play at skittles till a late hour. About half past eleven o'clock, the landlord of the Queen's-head and Artichoke public-house heard the report of a pistol and the cry of "Murder!" at which time it is supposed that Mr. Jacobs was attacked by some robber or robbers, and he being a resolute man had resisted their attack. In corroboration of this, the stick that he had with him was found with some large marks upon it, as if it had given some violent blows. His watch is stolen, and it is supposed he had bank notes about him to the amount of 100l. of which it is conjectured the villains had by some means got information. Yesterday morning a surgeon opened the body, and found that a large bullet had entered the left side, through the ninth and tenth ribs, and passed through his heart.

BIRTHS.

May 26. The lady of sir Hungerford Hoskynns, baronet, Harewood, Herefordshire, of a daughter.

31. The lady of Wilbraham Egerton, esq. of Tatton-park, in the county of Chester, of a son.

June 1. At Blunham, Bedfordsh[illegible] the lady of John Campbell, esq. [illegible] daughter.

10. The lady of major-gener[illegible] of a son.

MARRIAG[illegible]

May 21. At Queen-[illegible] Bath, by the Rev. T[illegible] John Eardley Wilmot[illegible] John Wilmot, esq. [illegible] Tottenham, and Ca[illegible] byshire, to miss Eliz[illegible] ry, fourth daughter o[illegible] of the Circus, Bath.

24. At Spitalfields [illegible] wards, of St. Paul's [illegible] miss Mary-Ann Jo[illegible] daughter of the late J[illegible] of Walthamstow.

At Rickmansworth, [illegible] Rashleigh, of Prideaux, [illegible] to Harriet, second daugh[illegible] Williams, esq. of Moor-[illegible] M. P. for Dorchester.

June 1. At Titchfield chur[illegible] by the rev. Mr. Ratcliffe, Rober[illegible] ry, esq. of Gosport, to Sarah, younges[illegible] daughter of John Payne, esq. of Stubbington-house.

2. At Uckfield, by the rev. archdeacon D'Oyly, W. G. Mabbott, esq. to miss Newton, only daughter of the late Rev. G. Newton, of Isfield.

7. At Belfast, by the rev. W. Bristow, R. Moore, esq. of Cloverhill, county of Antrim, to miss Catharine Jones, daughter of Valentine Jones, esq.

By special licence from the archbishop of Canterbury, at St. George's church, Hanover-square, Stafford O'Brien, esq. eldest son of Henry O'Brien, esq. of Blatherwick-park, Northamptonshire, to miss Emma Noel, second daughter of G. N. Noel, esq. of Eaton-park, Rutlandshire.

8. At St. Mary-la-bonne church, by his grace the archbishop of York, the rev. Samuel Johnes, rector of Welwyn, Herts, to Anna-Maria, eldest daughter [illegible]f general Cuyler, St. John's Lodge, [illegible]erts.

[illegible] At St. Paul's, Covent Garden, [illegible]ildon, esq. to miss Constable, [illegible]les-street, Covent Garden.

[illegible] St. James' church, Richard [illegible] of Howland-street, to miss [illegible]lace, youngest daughter of [illegible]e, esq. of Golden-square.

[illegible]EATHS.

[illegible]th, wife of Mr. Con- [illegible] Woodford.

[illegible]hn Carter, alderman [illegible]rough.

[illegible]ouse in Grosvenor- [illegible]s and 10 months, Ed-

[illegible] Winstanley, esq. of [illegible], vice-lieutenant for [illegible]icester, aged 69.

[illegible]ebury-castle, aged 83, [illegible] Richard Hurd, D. D. [illegible] Worcester. The classical [illegible]his respected and reverend [illegible]nd the purity of his man- [illegible]sioned his appointment to be [illegible]to the prince of Wales, and his [illegible]brother the bishop of Osnaburgh, now duke of York. This honourable situation he soon exchanged for the mitre, being first promoted to the see of Litchfield and Coventry, and afterwards to that of Worcester. Upon the death of prince Octavius, in 1783, Dr. Hurd delivered an impressive oration on that occasion, at St. George's chapel, Windsor, which deeply affected the royal auditory. The same year, on the decease of Dr. Cornwallis, archbishop of Canterbury, his majesty offered the vacant primacy to the bishop of Worcester, but his lordship declined accepting it, alleging, 'he was so happy in his diocese he wished not to change.'

June 1. Sincerely regretted by all who knew him, the rev. Mr. Underhill, a most respectable clergyman attached to the Sardinian chapel, Lincoln's-inn-fields.

At his brother's house, in Cannonbury, John M'Call, esq. of Jamaica, aged 35 years.

At his chambers in the Temple, Henry Farrer, esq. younger son of the rev. Richard Farrer, rector of Ashley, Northamptonshire.

At Bath, miss Villiers, daughter of V. W. Villiers, esq. and niece to the right hon. lord St. John.

At Southampton, on a journey, Mr. John Stanton, currier.

7. At Sidmouth, miss Russell, aged 20, daughter of sir Henry Russell, knt. chief judge of the supreme court of judicature at Calcutta.

14. Mrs. Chevalier, wife of Thos. Chevalier, esq. of South Audley-street.

15. At Ossington, Nottinghamshire, Frederick, the youngest son of John Denison, esq. M. P.

At his lodgings in Clevland-street, James Fannin, esq. late of Montego Bay, Jamaica.

George Benjamin Lyon, esq. only son of the late John Lyon, esq. of the county of Devon.

At Kew, aged 84, Thomas Tunstall, esq.

Much lamented, sir Roger Kerrison, banker, of Norwich, by a sudden and instant stroke of apoplexy.

At Old Windsor, aged 65, John Walkden, esq. of Highbury-place, Islington.

Engraved for the Lady's Magazine.

The Knight of the Sable Armour,
traversing the Black Forest.